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TOUCHING the tip of a fan with a finger means in the language of the fan, "I wish to speak to you". This is a late 17th Century fan, hand-painted on chicken skin, depicting Acteon being turned into a deer by the goddess Diana. Colour photograph by courtesy of J. Duvelleroy, reproduced for your pleasure by the makers of

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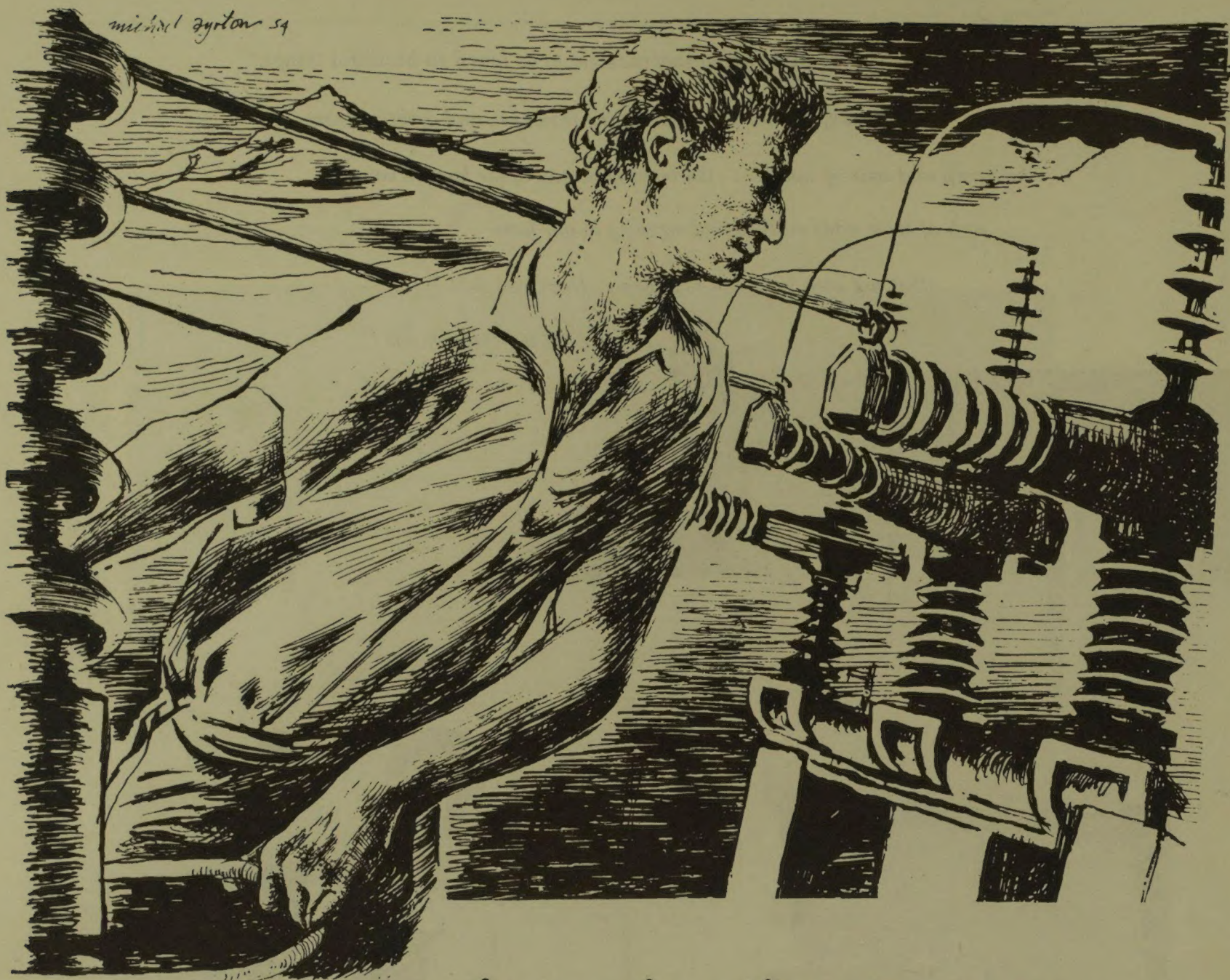
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A RANGE TO MEET

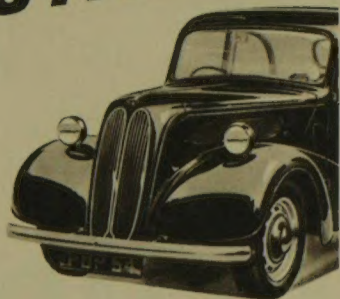


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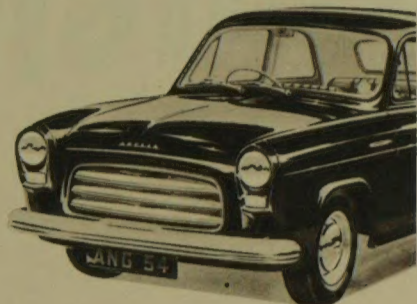
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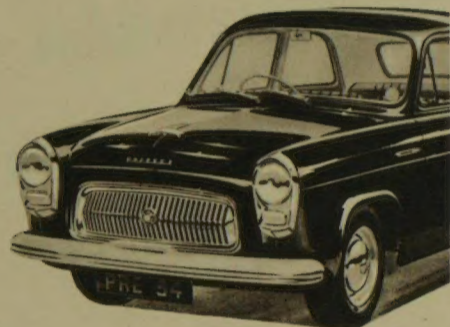
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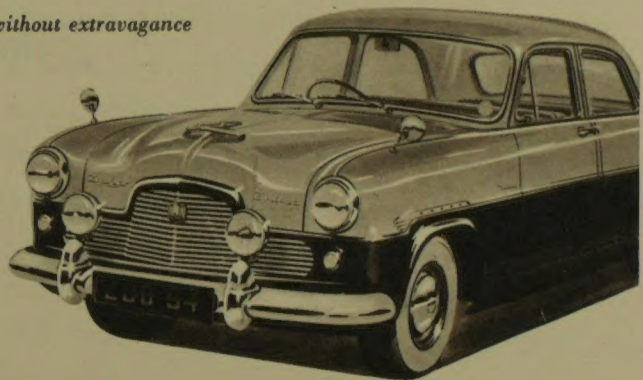
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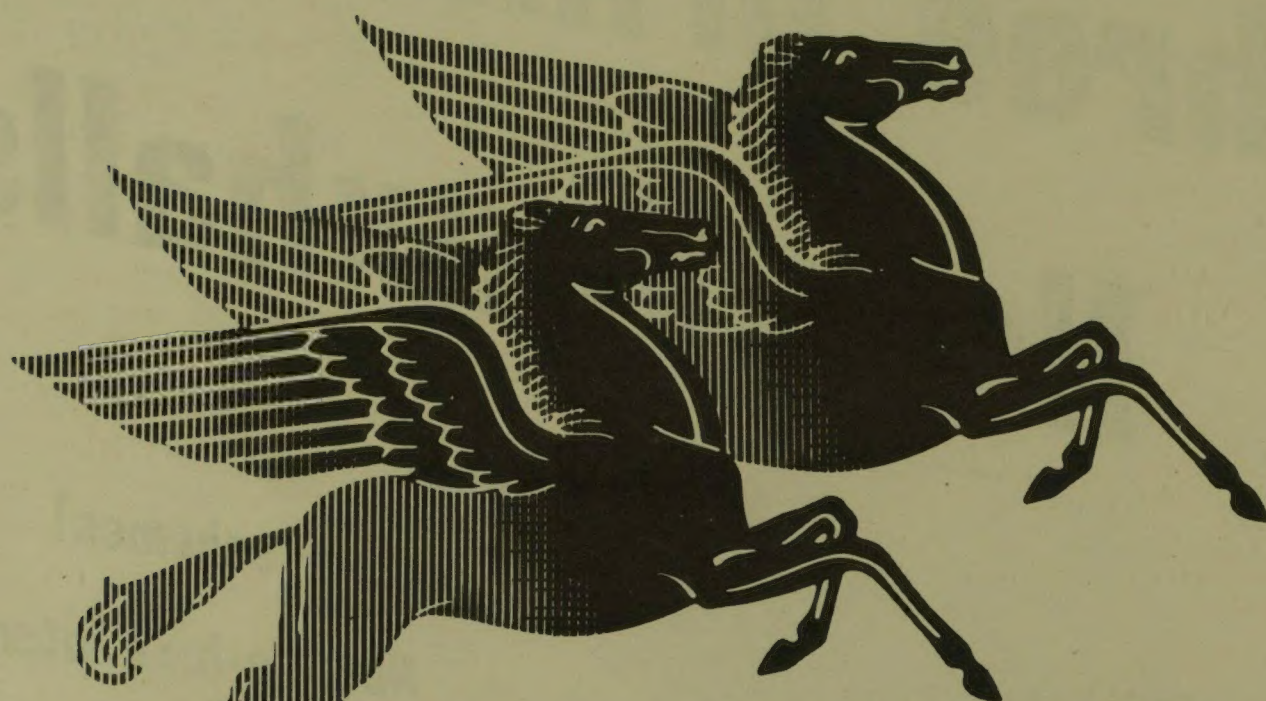
The new Vauxhalls are lovelier to look at; more delightful to drive; better than ever in performance and comfort and value.

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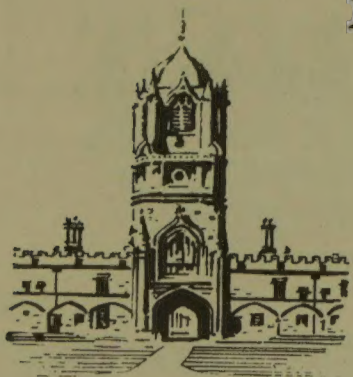
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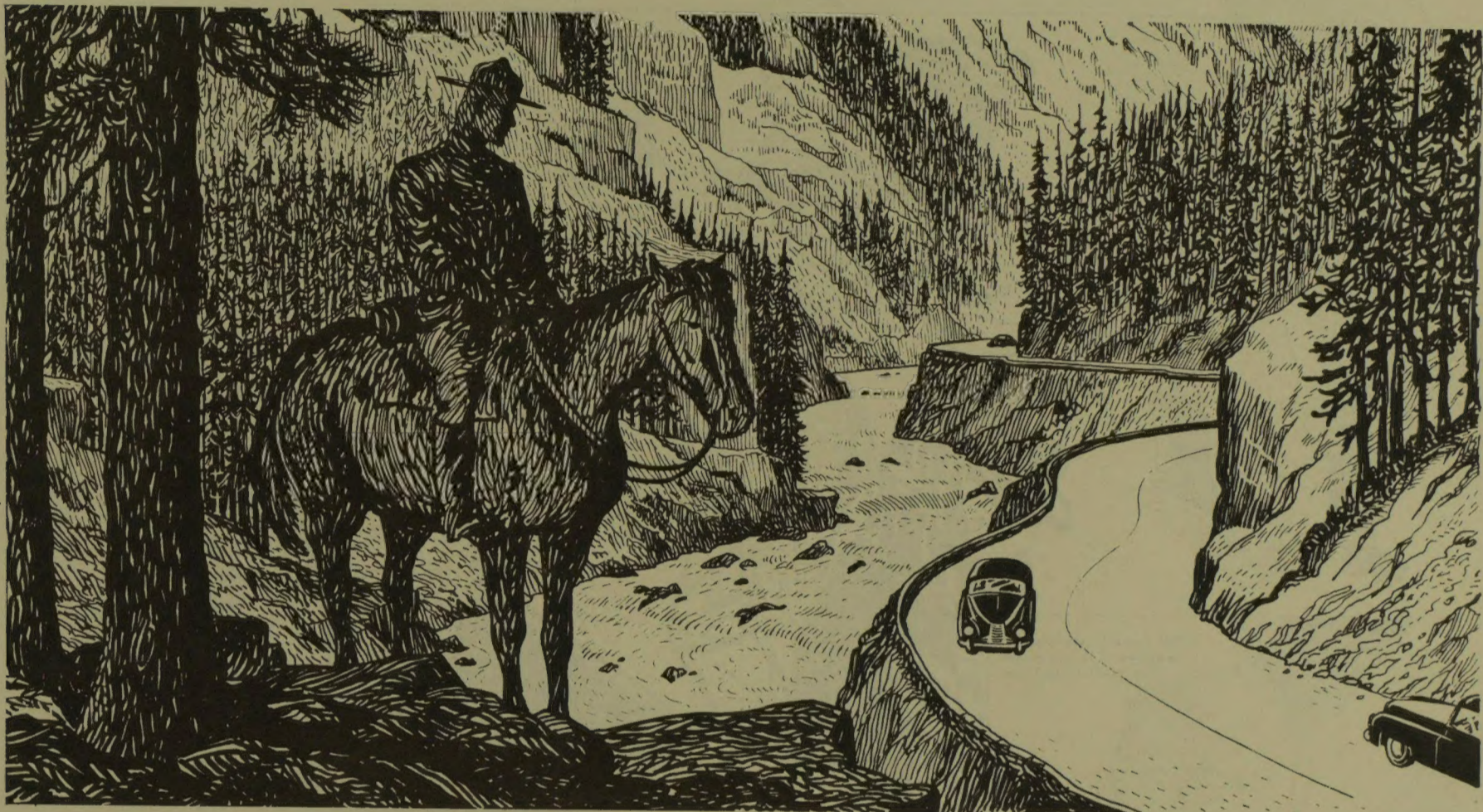
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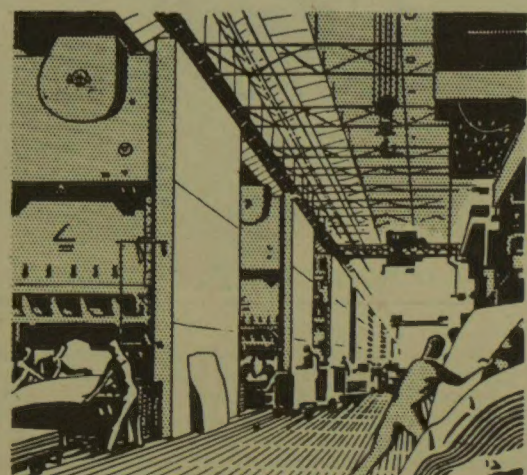
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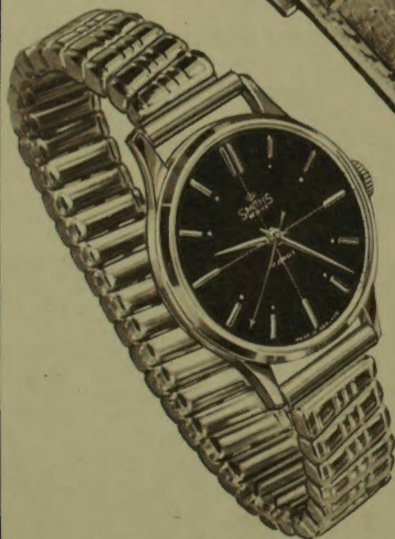
B.527. Charming lady's model in 9 carat gold case, with raised gilt numerals and silvered dial. In presentation case. 15 jewels. £16.16.



A.404. 'Everest' waterproof 15 jewel watch in chrome and stainless steel case. £10.10.



A.504. 9 carat gold 15 jewel watch with raised gilt figures. In presentation case. £22.10.



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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1954.



ALAMEIN - WHERE THE TIDE OF WAR TURNED TWELVE YEARS AGO: FIELD MARSHAL VISCOUNT MONTGOMERY OF ALAMEIN AT THE SALUTE AFTER UNVEILING THE MEMORIAL ON OCTOBER 24.

"Victory goes to the highest bidder in courage, skill and self-sacrifice" was an arresting phrase used by Field Marshal Lord Montgomery when unveiling the Alamein Memorial on October 24. On the night of October 23, 1942, the battle of Alamein, described by Sir Winston Churchill as "the turning of the hinge of fate" in World War II, opened. Lord Montgomery said "We commemorate to-day an hour that none of us will ever live again, not even those who shared it." The memorial, built by the Imperial War Graves Commission, bears the names of 11,945 officers and other ranks of Commonwealth forces with no known grave and

forms the northern entrance to the cemetery in which 7300 of their comrades lie. The ceremony was attended by some 200 relatives of the fallen and by representatives of the Egyptian Government, Britain, Australia and New Zealand. Buglers of the 1st Bn. The Durham Light Infantry sounded the Last Post as Lord Montgomery drew aside the Commonwealth flags which veiled the memorial. It was dedicated by the Anglican Bishop in Egypt assisted by civilian clergy of other denominations and Army chaplains, and Moslem prayers were also said by an Imam. During the laying of wreaths, pipers of the Seaforth Highlanders played a lament.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

IN my comparatively short lifetime there have been three great decisive victories in which a British Army has turned the tide of a whole war in a direction that led to the ultimate triumph of Britain and her allies. The first, which I was far too young at the time to be able to remember personally, was Paardeburg, when the septuagenarian Lord Roberts, summoned in haste from Ireland, reversed the tide of early British disaster in the South African War and captured the Boer Commander-in-Chief, Cronje, and his main field army. The second, which, like so many others now growing old, I recall with particular clarity, was Douglas Haig's sudden and dramatic offensive on August 8, 1918—in sheer magnitude the greatest military victory ever won, or, perhaps, likely to be won, by a British Army, and comparable in its effects to Blenheim and Waterloo. Britain had endured so much by the time that that victory came, and her Army had suffered such terrible casualties in its earlier offensives—undertaken in the hour of Russia's collapse to take the pressure off the cruelly mauled and then partly demoralised French Army—that her people never

appreciated the full magnitude of what her hard-trying soldiers and their Commander-in-Chief had so unexpectedly achieved. But when our age has receded into history and its events can be seen in just proportion, I believe August 8, 1918, will be regarded as one of the red-letter days of our long history as a people. For it was the day on which the national army of an utterly unmilitary, or supposedly unmilitary nation, after being only a few months earlier beaten to its knees—or, in the dramatic words of its undramatic commander, forced to fight with its back to the wall—struck back and dealt a death-blow to the greatest military organisation the world has ever known, the vast conscript Army of the Second Reich. Within three months of that tremendous Imperial hammer-blow the German Army was no more. By a strange irony, the British people attributed the astonishing transformation to a French Marshal and a Welsh politician. But the real credit belonged, so far as it belonged to any one man, to the dour Border Scot who, alone among the men in power at that hour, knew what his tired Army was capable of doing and made it do it.

The third decisive British military victory of our age is still very fresh in our memories. It took place just twelve years ago at a wayside halt in the Egyptian desert called Alamein. Its victor was a Line Regiment infantry officer of somewhat unconventional pattern, whose name till then was quite unfamiliar to his countrymen, but who from that hour to this has remained one of the two or three leading personalities of the country. Bernard Montgomery's victory was the turning-point in the Second World or German War—the knocking on the door, as it were, that announced the turn of the Nazi Macbeth's fortunes and heralded the long-drawn-out doom of the wicked that followed. It was fought with comparatively small forces in a remote yet decisive theatre of war. It revealed its victor as one of the greatest tactical geniuses of all time—a commander of the calibre of Wellington or Turenne, whose campaigns will probably be studied by students of war so long as war remains a subject of study.

Yet in the last resort victories are not won by generals. They are won by the human instruments, who, in the face of fear and exhaustion, pain and death, carry out their commanders' orders. Without their courage, resolve and discipline, no general, however great his genius, can achieve

anything at all. Roberts, Haig, Montgomery, all in their different ways, brought splendid qualities and virtues to the tasks with which Fate and their country had entrusted them. All, too, enjoyed good fortune, as they deserved and as a victor must. Yet the greatest fortune of all for each of them, as each would have been the first to admit, was that at the decisive moment he commanded a British army. His genius, and his service to his country, lay in the fact that he knew how to get out of that army the utmost of which it was capable.

In his speech at the unveiling of the Alamein War Memorial last Sunday one of those three great commanders, Field Marshal Montgomery, told the world and posterity to what his victory was due.

At a decisive moment in history, one fleeting chance found men with the spirit and will to seize it; it was all or nothing at Alamein in 1942. In this life we meet each task but once; we never pass that way again. So it was at Alamein twelve years ago. . . . We were going forward to meet whatever fate awaited us. . . . We call to mind a long journey, hard living, hard fighting, hard going all the way. . . .

Many of us were isolated, but we never felt alone. We were a great Alliance and a united Family Party. No man doubted the skill, valour, or loyalty to comrades, of those who fought beside him or supplied his needs. None were risked without cause; none were lost without sorrow. The Cross upon our Shield, and on our hospitals, and on our graves, told us to Whom they mattered most of all: as members of a larger and more lasting family than ours.

And so we went forward together. Our friends whose names are written here went forward together with us, or guarded our advance. Without them the task could not have been completed. With them, the thing that seemed impossible was done, because we trusted one another, and worked together each for all and all for each.

They witness to a truth which will not change: the tasks which seem so formidable will always yield to the many-muscled strength of unity. The lesson is that friendly emulation to do best in achievement, in service, in self-sacrifice, will open any road. And the proof of that lesson is here.

Reading those words, so obviously inspired by a deep feeling of pride in the men he commanded and wonder at their achievement, I was reminded of that unforgettable picture in the wartime film "Desert Victory," in which General Montgomery, as he then

was, stood watching his tanks going forward to victory. There are moments in life—they are very rare—in which the present, past and future become fused, in which a man's whole being is absorbed in the culminating effort of a great task and achievement. Such a moment, not for one man alone but for many, was Alamein.

We commemorate to-day an hour that none of us will ever live again, not even those who shared it. These are not the times we knew; all is different, even this place where we now stand. We have all gone on to other fields of service. And if there be an eternal road, as I believe there is, those whose names are inscribed on this memorial, and their comrades who rest in the cemetery itself, have gone on to greater adventures than we. . . .

And let us remember when all these things are said and done, that one great fact, the greatest fact, remains supreme and unassailable. It is this. There are in this world things that are true and things that are false: there are ways that are right and ways that are wrong; men good, and bad. And on one side or the other we must take our stand; one, or the other, we must serve.*



THE SIXTH COMMONER TO RECEIVE THE GARTER DURING THE LAST HUNDRED YEARS: SIR ANTHONY EDEN, THE FOREIGN SECRETARY, UPON WHOM THE QUEEN, ON OCTOBER 20, BESTOWED THE HIGHEST ORDER IN THE LAND, SEEN WITH LADY EDEN, BEFORE FLYING TO PARIS FOR TALKS ON THE QUESTION OF GERMAN SOVEREIGNTY.

Shortly before flying to Paris to take part in talks with the Foreign Ministers of France, Germany and the United States, Mr. Anthony Eden drove to Buckingham Palace and had an audience with the Queen, who conferred upon him the honour of Knighthood and invested him with the Insignia of a Knight Companion of the Most Noble Order of the Garter. The Foreign Secretary is only the sixth commoner to receive this most ancient and highest of the British Orders of Chivalry, which was constituted about 1348 by King Edward III. Before Sir Winston Churchill received this honour last year, Sir Edward Grey, Mr. Arthur Balfour, Mr. Herbert Asquith and Sir Austen Chamberlain were the previous commoner holders. Mr. Stanley Baldwin received an Earldom and the Garter simultaneously at the time of his resignation from the Premiership in 1937. It is expected that the installation of Sir Anthony as a Knight of the Garter will take place either on St. George's Day, April 23, or soon afterwards, at St. George's Chapel, Windsor Castle.

* Address by Field Marshal Montgomery at the unveiling of the Alamein Memorial, Sunday, October 24, 1954.

A WEEK OF TREATIES: SIGNATURES IN CAIRO, DELHI AND PARIS.



(ABOVE.) THE SIGNING OF THE ANGLO-EGYPTIAN AGREEMENT ON THE SUEZ CANAL ZONE IN THE PHARAONIC HALL, CAIRO. (LEFT,) MR. ANTHONY NUTTING, MINISTER OF STATE, AND (RIGHT) COLONEL NASSER, THE EGYPTIAN PREMIER.

The Anglo-Egyptian Agreement on the evacuation of Egypt by British forces and on the maintenance of a military base in the Canal Zone, was signed on October 19 in the Pharaonic Hall of the Egyptian Parliament House in Cairo. Under this agreement British troops are to leave Egypt within twenty months, parts of the Canal base are to be kept in order, civilians are to maintain the installations, and British troops are to return if Turkey or an Arab State is attacked. The agreement is to run for seven years.



SHAKING HANDS AFTER THE FIRST STAGE OF THE TRANSFER OF THE FRENCH INDIAN SETTLEMENTS TO INDIA: RIGHT, MR. R. K. NEHRU AND, CENTRE, COUNT OSTROG.

On October 21 the agreement giving the terms under which the *de facto* transfer of power in French Indian possessions will be made on November 1 was signed in New Delhi by the French Ambassador, Count Ostrorog, and the Indian Permanent Secretary to the Foreign Office, Mr. R. K. Nehru. The French settlements concerned are Pondichéry, Karikal, Mahé and Yanam. The question of full *de jure* transfer remains for future discussion but has been generally agreed in principle.



(RIGHT.) SIGNING THE INSTRUMENT WHICH RESTORES WEST GERMAN SOVEREIGNTY: (LEFT TO RIGHT AT THE TABLE) DR. ADENAUER, THE WEST GERMAN CHANCELLOR; AND THE REPRESENTATIVES OF THE THREE OCCUPYING POWERS, MR. DULLES, M. MENDES-FRANCE AND SIR ANTHONY EDEN.



GERMANY'S REARMAMENT AND ENTRY INTO THE RANKS OF N.A.T.O.: THE SCENE IN THE PALAIS DE CHAILLOT WHEN THE FOURTEEN N.A.T.O. POWERS APPROVED GERMANY'S ADMISSION.

On October 23 a number of signatures brought a satisfactory end to a week of diplomatic conferences and discussions in Paris. On October 20 the three Western Occupying Powers in Germany, Great Britain, the U.S.A. and France, agreed with Dr. Adenauer on the terms to restore German sovereignty; and on the same day the representatives of the Nine Powers of the London Conference completed the arrangements for the admission of Germany and Italy in the Western



SETTLING THE LONG-STANDING SAAR DISPUTE: DR. ADENAUER (RIGHT), THE WEST GERMAN CHANCELLOR, SHAKING HANDS WITH THE FRENCH PRIME MINISTER, M. MENDES-FRANCE, AFTER AGREEMENT HAD BEEN REACHED.

European Defence Organisation; and on October 22 the fourteen N.A.T.O. Powers met and approved the admission of Germany into their number. A few hours before the signing of the appropriate instruments for these agreements on October 23, Germany and France reached a settlement of the long-standing Saar dispute; and following this, Mr. Dulles was able to cable President Eisenhower: "I am happy to inform you that everything, including the Saar, has now been sealed, signed and delivered." On the same day Russia sent a Note to Great Britain, the U.S.A. and France calling for a conference on the unification of Germany to be held shortly.

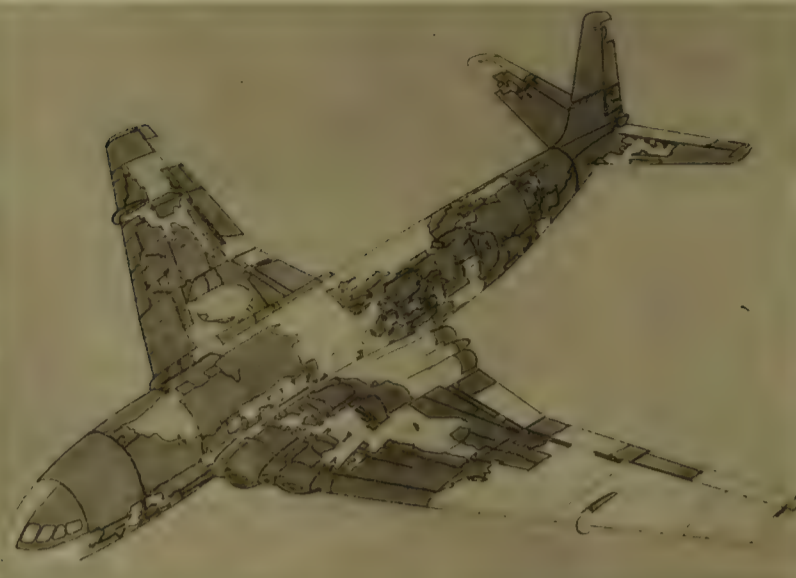
AN INQUIRY INTO THE COMET DISASTERS: THE RESULTS OF TESTS AT FARNBOROUGH.



A MODEL, WITH DUMMY PASSENGERS, OF THE COMET, 0'002 SECS. AFTER THE INITIATION OF THE BURST, SHOWING NO PARTICULAR DISTURBANCE.



AFTER 0'034 SECS.: COMPLETE CHAOS IN THE CABIN. CONDITIONS HAVE BEEN REPRODUCED TO SIMULATE THE BREAK-UP OF THE CRASHED COMET.



A DIAGRAM WITH SHADED PARTS SHOWING THE AMOUNT OF WRECKAGE RECOVERED FROM THE SEA-BED FOLLOWING THE CRASH OF THE COMET OFF ELBA ON JANUARY 10.



AFTER 0'220 SECS.: DUMMY PASSENGERS HITTING THE ROOF WITH CONSIDERABLE VIOLENCE AND SEATS FLYING ABOUT IN ALL DIRECTIONS.



AFTER 0'222 SECS.: A DUMMY HURLING THROUGH THE HOLE IN THE BURSTING CABIN. TIMES GIVEN ARE MODEL TIMES, ABOUT ONE-THIRD ACTUAL TIME.



A GENERAL VIEW OF THE FRONT FUSELAGE FAILURE, BELIEVED TO HAVE BEEN CAUSED BY METAL FATIGUE, FROM INSIDE THE COMET WHICH WAS SUBJECTED TO PRESSURISATION TESTS AT THE ROYAL AIRCRAFT ESTABLISHMENT, FARNBOROUGH.



AN EXTERIOR VIEW OF THE FRONT FUSELAGE FAILURE IN THE COMET AFTER PRESSURISATION TESTS. WRECKAGE RECOVERED OFF ELBA INDICATED THAT THE FAILURE WAS OF THE SAME BASIC TYPE AS THAT PRODUCED DURING TESTS.



"TESTED TO DESTRUCTION" AT FARNBOROUGH: THE COMET G-ALYU IN A 112-FT.-LONG STEEL TANK, HOLDING 200,000 GALLONS OF WATER, SHOWING THE WINGS PROJECTING THROUGH THE SIDES. FIVE MINUTES IN THE TANK IS EQUAL TO THREE HOURS' FLYING.

The view that metal fatigue, leading to the break-up of the pressurised cabin, caused the disasters to the Comet air liners which crashed off Elba on January 10 and off Naples on April 8, was expressed by Sir Lionel Heald, Q.C., on behalf of the Crown, at a Court of Inquiry into the crashes which opened at Church House, Westminster, on October 19. At the inquiry Sir Lionel read a report compiled by Sir Arnold Hall, Director of the Royal Aircraft Establishment, Farnborough, where tests were carried out. He said that it was one of the most remarkable pieces of detective work ever done and believed that the main conclusions would command acceptance. The wreckage retrieved off Elba by the Royal Navy indicated that the failure in the Comet was of the same basic type as that produced during tests and that metal fatigue around a panel in the roof containing a radio-direction finding aerial is believed to have been the starting-point of the burst in the cabin. It seemed that the passengers were thrown suddenly and violently



THE MASS OF INTRICATE INSTRUMENTS FITTED INSIDE ONE OF THE COMETS USED FOR FLYING TESTS DURING THE INQUIRY INTO THE CAUSE OF THE AIR DISASTERS OVER THE MEDITERRANEAN EARLIER THIS YEAR.

forward and upward. Within about one-third of a second of the explosion the cabin was empty. Sir Arnold Hall later stated that both of the Comets had flown longer than the safe fatigue life that could be given to them in the light of subsequent tests with similar aircraft. He knew, however, of no physical tests which would indicate how much a material was fatigued. One of the four Comets used as "guinea-pigs" was placed in a huge water tank and "tested to destruction." The fuselage of this aircraft failed after about the equivalent of 9000 flying hours and the wings after about 6000 hours. With the aid of a model, a reproduction of the kind of effect which decompression in the cabin would cause had been sought. The cabin of this model was burst at the top near the point where the Comet which crashed off Elba was thought to have burst, with substantially the same kind of hole. A moving picture of the result was taken, part of which we reproduce above.

THE ROYAL VISIT TO SOUTH-WEST LANCASHIRE: SCENES DURING HER MAJESTY'S TWO-DAY TOUR.



IN THE NEW TOWN HALL AT BURY, WHICH SHE HAD JUST OPENED: THE QUEEN SIGNING A PORTRAIT OF HERSELF AS THE DUKE IS ABOUT TO SIGN THE DISTINGUISHED VISITORS' BOOK.



SHELTERING UNDER AN UMBRELLA IN THE POURING RAIN: THE QUEEN INSPECTING THE GUARD OF HONOUR OF THE 8TH (ARDWICK) BATTALION, THE MANCHESTER REGIMENT (T.A.), AT MANCHESTER TOWN HALL.



THE FIRST MERSEYSIDE ENGAGEMENT: THE QUEEN AT BOOTLE TOWN HALL, SIGNING THE VISITORS' BOOK, WITH THE MAYOR, ALDERMAN P. MAHON, LOOKING ON.



TOURING A MILL IN WHICH SHE SPENT THREE-QUARTERS OF AN HOUR: THE QUEEN IN LILAC MILL, AT SHAW, WHICH IS ONE OF THE MOST MODERN OF ITS KIND.



THE QUEEN IN WIGAN: HER MAJESTY LEAVING THE JOHN MCCURDY HALL, WHICH SHE HAD OPENED, WITH THE MAYOR OF WIGAN, COUNCILLOR T. S. MERRY.



AT THE LIVERPOOL SCHOOL OF TROPICAL MEDICINE: THE QUEEN TALKING TO SOME OF THE STUDENTS DURING HER VISIT ON OCTOBER 21.

On October 21 and 22 the Queen, accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh, paid a two-day visit to South-West Lancashire. On the first day their route took them from Wigan, where the Queen opened the John McCurdy Hall, to St. Helens; and, after luncheon at Knowsley with the Earl and Countess of Derby, on to Bootle and Liverpool. At Liverpool the programme was altered owing to the dockers' strike, and instead of inspecting the reconstructed Canada and Langton Docks the Royal visitors went to the Liverpool School of Tropical Medicine, of which

the Duke has been patron for the past two years. In the evening the Queen attended a reception at Knowsley with the Duke, and later rejoined the Royal train at Lowton Junction, where they spent the night. On October 22 they visited Bolton, Bury and Salford in the morning and then drove to Manchester. In the afternoon her Majesty and the Duke visited Oldham, the Lilac Mill at Shaw, and Rochdale, before leaving by train for London. Despite heavy rain, crowds waited to give the Queen a resounding welcome wherever she went.

NEWS FROM HOME AND ABROAD: THE MATTERS MARITIME, CEREMONIES

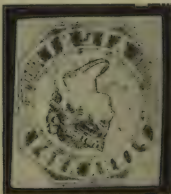


MINESWEEPING UNDER U.S. SUPERVISION: GERMAN SAILORS PREPARING A DEVICE TO EXPLODE MAGNETIC MINES IN THE WEST BALTIC.



SWEEPING FOR MINES: THE DEVICE (SEE PHOTOGRAPH ON LEFT) BEING TOWED BEHIND A GERMAN R-BOAT TO SET UP AN ELECTRICAL FIELD TO EXPLODE MAGNETIC MINES IN THE WEST BALTIC.

During the last two years the United States Navy, using German personnel, has been sweeping the North Sea and West Baltic to clear the hundreds of thousands of mines laid by the Allies during World War II. These photographs show some of these sweeping operations in the West Baltic during October.



SOLD FOR £725: A RARE INDIAN 4-ANNA STAMP, WITH THE HEAD OF QUEEN VICTORIA IS REVERSED.

An example of the rare error of the first four-anna stamp of 1854, on which the head of Queen Victoria is reversed, was found in a New Zealand schoolboy's collection and sold at H. K. Hamer's collection rooms for £725 on October 12. Only three other copies are known in any square condition. The octagonal design has caused other copies to be cut to shape.



THE U.S.S. FLEET OILER *PASADENA* REFUELLING AT SEA THE RADAR PICKET DESTROYER *ROSEBELLE*, AND (RIGHT) THE U.S.S. ATTACK AIRCRAFT CARRIER *SORFET* OF THE "ORISKANY" (IMPROVED "ESSEX") CLASS.

EMPEROR OF ETHIOPIA'S VISIT, AND OTHER ITEMS.



TO COME UNDER THE HAMMER AT FOLKESTONE THIS MONTH: SANDGATE CASTLE, BUILT AS ONE OF HENRY VIII'S BLOCKHOUSES, SEEN FROM THE AIR.

Sandgate Castle, at Sandgate, west of Folkestone, in Kent, is being offered for sale this month. Since it was built in the sixteenth century, and altered after the threatened invasion by Napoleon, it has been frequently damaged by the ravages of the sea.



AT SAN FRANCISCO AIRPORT: MR. WILLIAM WILLIS AND HIS CAT *MEEZIE*, WHO DRIFTED ACROSS THE PACIFIC FROM PERU TO PAGO PAGO ON A RAFT.



AT THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN BIBLE SOCIETY IN LONDON: THE EMPEROR OF ETHIOPIA BEING PRESENTED WITH A BIBLE WITH AN AMHARIC AND ENGLISH TEXT.



RECEIVING THE HONORARY FREEDOM OF THE CITY OF BATH: THE EMPEROR OF ETHIOPIA ACCEPTING THE SCROLL FROM THE MAYOR, COUNCILLOR W. H. GALLOW.



LEAVING THE SHEDDOLIAN AFTER RECEIVING THE DEGREE OF DOCTOR OF CIVIL LAW BY DIPLOMA: THE EMPEROR OF ETHIOPIA WITH THE CHANCELLOR OF OXFORD UNIVERSITY, LORD HALIFAX, ON OCTOBER 20.

At the end of his State visit the Emperor of Ethiopia went to Bath, where he spent much of his exile between 1936 and 1940. On October 18 the honorary president of the City of Bath was conferred on his Imperial Majesty at a ceremony in the city's Guildhall. On the following day the Emperor, with his son, the Duke of Harar, arrived in Oxford where, on October 20, he received the degree of Doctor of Civil Law by diploma at the hands of the Chancellor, Lord Halifax, in the Sheldonian. On October 22 the Emperor and his son were Sir Winston Churchill's principal guests at a luncheon at 10, Downing Street. In the afternoon the Emperor visited the headquarters of the British and Foreign Bible Society.



"DOM PAUL": PRESIDENT KRUGER, PORTRAYED BY JAMES NORVAL, IN A FORTHCOMING FILM. IN PRETORIA IN "JACARANDA TIME": THE GREAT CROWD GATHERED IN CHURCH SQUARE TO ATTEND THE UNVEILING BY DR. MALAN

OF THE FAMOUS TOP-HATTED STATUE OF THE BOER PRESIDENT, PAUL KRUGER, ON KRUGER DAY, OCTOBER 11. Kruger (by Anton van Wouwe) outside the railway station, may be interested to learn that it is no longer stands there. The statue has been moved to Church Square and was unveiled in its new position by Doctor Malan on October 11, Kruger Day, so that season of the year when Pretoria's 200 miles of Jacaranda trees are all in bloom. A South African company, the Roger Day Organisation, is now engaged in making a film of Kruger's life, with James Norval as the President, and with Andre



THE RAFT ON WHICH MR. WILLIS DRIFTED ACROSS THE PACIFIC: *SEVEN LITTLE SISTERS*, SHOWING MR. WILLIS ON BOARD AWAITING A TOW INTO PAGO PAGO HARBOUR AT THE END OF HIS 115-DAY LONG VOYAGE FROM PERU, WHICH HE LEFT ON JUNE 22.

Mr. William Willis, a sixty-one-year-old American, recently arrived at Pago Pago, in Samoa, after drifting across the Pacific from Peru for 115 days on a raft of seven balsa logs called the *Seven Little Sisters*. It had an Indian outrigger dipper canoe with sail lashed on deck, and the raft was equipped with jib, mizzen and main sails made of orlon. His companions were a cat and a parrot, but the latter was, unhappily, eaten by the cat three days before the end of the voyage.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S FIRST PRIME MINISTER.

"LORD M."; By DAVID CECIL.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

YEARS ago Lord David Cecil wrote a delightful book called "The Young Melbourne," which depicted the life of William Lamb (as he still was at the end of it) until he was forty-eight. Had he died at that age it is unlikely that Lord David or anybody else would have written a whole book about him, for he would not have been, as he later became, a historical figure. We should have come across him in the social memoirs of the time as a tall, handsome, amusing, popular Regency buck, not much more impressive than Lord Alvanley; one who sat in the House of Commons without doing very much there: a man of whose serious side we should hear little except in regard to the patient loving kindness with which he treated his hare-brained wife, Lady Caroline, who flung herself at Byron's head. Even as a wag we should know him very little: most of his recorded absurd jokes and ironic witticisms date from his later period. And of his capacity for hard work and useful statesmanship we should know nothing at all. The very curious might have detected a mystery about him. The apparent idler who joked about the uselessness of education was a widely-read scholar—even in his later years he was meditating a commentary on Chrysostom—and somebody's letters or diaries might have given a clue to that. Somebody's letters or diaries might even have conveyed a hint that there was a latent power in Willy Lamb which had never been exercised. People of our time, confronted with portraits of him, might have deduced from the twinkle in his eye and the lurking smile around the corners of his lips, that a man had lived amongst us who was privy to the whole history of the human race, and aware both of the tragic and of the comic aspects of its "goings-on." But, had he died in middle life, whatever may have been the conjectures about his unfulfilled renown, he would not, a hundred years after his death, have been the subject of two books by one of the most sensitive and fastidious

of the most amusing, ironic, paradoxical conversationalists who ever lived. He ought to have had a Boswell. Late in life he had one. It was the young Queen Victoria. He said such absurd and surprising things to her that she put them all down in her diary. He even told her that, as Queen, she had simply drawn a ticket in her lottery. And she thought it fun. Monarchs seldom hear the truth.

"The author," we are told, "wishes to stress that he has written a *biography*, not a history book, and that Melbourne's political career is described, in so far as it throws light on his personality and its



QUEEN VICTORIA AND LORD MELBOURNE RIDING AT WINDSOR.

From a painting by Sir Francis Grant at Windsor Castle. Reproduced by gracious permission of H.M. the Queen.

Illustrations reproduced from the book "Lord M."; by courtesy of the publisher: Constable.

development, and not as an illustration of the history of his time." The warning is useful: readers should also bear in mind the political background of the time, if they are tempted (Melbourne being associated with no particular "reform" and generally hostile to all "reforms") to think of him as a statesman who didn't do anything, a wastrel, almost. Nevertheless, he performed two great services. The first was by virtue of being himself. Temperamentally he was inclined to look at all sides of a question: in itself a deterrent to very positive unilateral action. There was a great deal to be said in favour of the pocket-boroughs (which gave many of our greatest men an early start) and, doubtless, a great deal to be said against them. There was a great deal to be said in favour of the old Poor Law, and a great deal to be said against it. There was a great deal to be said in favour of the Corn Laws, and a great deal to be said against them. He had, in youth, seen a generation of theorists arise in France whose doctrines had resulted, during a period of more than twenty years, not in an Earthly Paradise (which any Christian must deem unattainable, though, by suitable and gradual steps, approachable) but in burnings and lootings, butcheries of innocent men and women, and, ultimately, a drenching of Europe's soil with blood. And he had come to the conclusion—one of the few conclusions to which he ever came—that dreams of a suddenly-achieved "Welfare-State," produced by legislation, were not well-founded. He had seen all Europe rocking. He knew that what England and Europe wanted was peace and tranquil stability: a binding-up of wounds, and a pause before drastic action. He said that he loved everybody; that was an exaggeration, but, at any rate, he didn't hate anybody. He achieved office, and ultimately supreme office, because both the great parties in the State knew that William Lamb was (in spite of his almost unpardonable jokes) a person so personally popular in both parties, in both Houses, that he was simply the only man who would do. The late Mr. (afterwards Earl) Baldwin doesn't seem to be popular at the moment: although I think that the time of that noble, honest, unambitious, whimsical man may come: he resembled William Lamb as William Lamb resembled Charles Lamb. "Peace in our Time," was Baldwin's motto. It was Melbourne's motto. He was stern enough about risings in England and Ireland: but he held that, if risings couldn't be quelled, they should be appeased by compromise. He didn't really think that the compromise would result in an improvement of the condition of mankind. He took such a dim view of the human race that he doubted if any sort of improvement was possible. But he was obviously so decent and kind, and so evidently in politics for no sort of worldly promotion,

that both Whigs and Tories accepted him (born and brought up in the Whig oligarchy he served under Canning and Wellington before rejoining the Old Gang) and he allayed all the commotions. Commotions there were. Imagine the

Chartist agitation for Annual Parliaments. It's bad enough having a General Election every four years. Conceive what it would be if there was one every year! No sooner would one General Election be over than another would begin. That sort of proposal led Melbourne to lift his eyebrows.

He was liked by all parties: which is a help, in time of turmoil. I am reminded of Baldwin during the General Strike, a dead lion at whom the dogs now bark. But, after giving way when giving way was necessary, on several fronts, Lord Melbourne, an ageing man, did his greatest (and very great it was) service to the country: he nursed the young Queen Victoria.

She succeeded to the throne at the age of eighteen. She was strong-minded, utterly honest, determined, incapable of deceit; and had been brought up in seclusion, with a gross German mother whose dream was to become the Boss of a Young Queen. Had any other Prime Minister of Victoria's Reign been Prime Minister at the time of her Accession the determined girl might well have been warped. But Melbourne was there: the eternally youthful, the chivalrous towards women, the lover without age, the joker without reserve. The young Victoria, had she been confronted with any other of her Prime Ministers, might have "gone off the deep end." The Duke of Wellington might have pulled it off with her as he did with everybody else. But not Sir Robert Peel, who is rumoured to have had a heart, but to have kept it in cold storage; and not Aberdeen; and not Gladstone; not even, at that stage, Disraeli, whose blandishments appealed to an ageing widow. Melbourne, honest



LORD DAVID CECIL, THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE. Lord David Cecil, who was born in 1902, is the younger son of the fourth Marquess of Salisbury. He has been Goldsmiths' Professor of English Literature, Oxford, since 1948. His published works include: "Life of Cowper" (1929); "Jane Austen" (1935); "The Young Melbourne" (1939); "Two Quiet Lives" (1948).



LORD MELBOURNE IN 1838.

From a painting by Sir George Hayter in the possession of Lord Brocket.

biographers of our age. His seniors, in the end, "spotted" him. At forty-eight he was made Chief Secretary for Ireland, hoisted out of the back-benches: at fifty-one he was Home Secretary; at fifty-five he became Prime Minister for a few months; at fifty-six he became Prime Minister for six years, and six crucial years.

The earlier book was chiefly concerned with Melbourne's relations with Lady Caroline, his wife. This book relates chiefly to Caroline Norton (one of the three beautiful granddaughters of Sheridan), with whom he was falsely accused of having a liaison, and the young Queen Victoria. Melbourne was one



"... ALL OPULENT SHOULDER AND RAVEN'S WING HAIR, WHO BENDING FORWARD A LITTLE, LOOKED UP AT HIM MELTINGLY FROM UNDER SWEEPING LASHES AND WHOSE BLOOD, AS SHE SPOKE, MANTLED DELICATELY UNDER A CLEAR OLIVE SKIN": THE HON. MRS. NORTON, WHOSE HUSBAND FILED A DIVORCE PETITION, NAMING LORD MELBOURNE.

From an engraving after Sir Edwin Landseer.

and loving, was to the young Queen a father, an uncle, an enchanter. He instructed her in Constitutional History: he also knocked sense into her head. When she complained of the burden which had been placed upon her he merely told her that she had drawn that ticket in the lottery. She loved him for his honesty; and took courage for a great career.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 764 of this issue.

* "Lord M." By David Cecil. Illustrated. (Constable; 21s.)

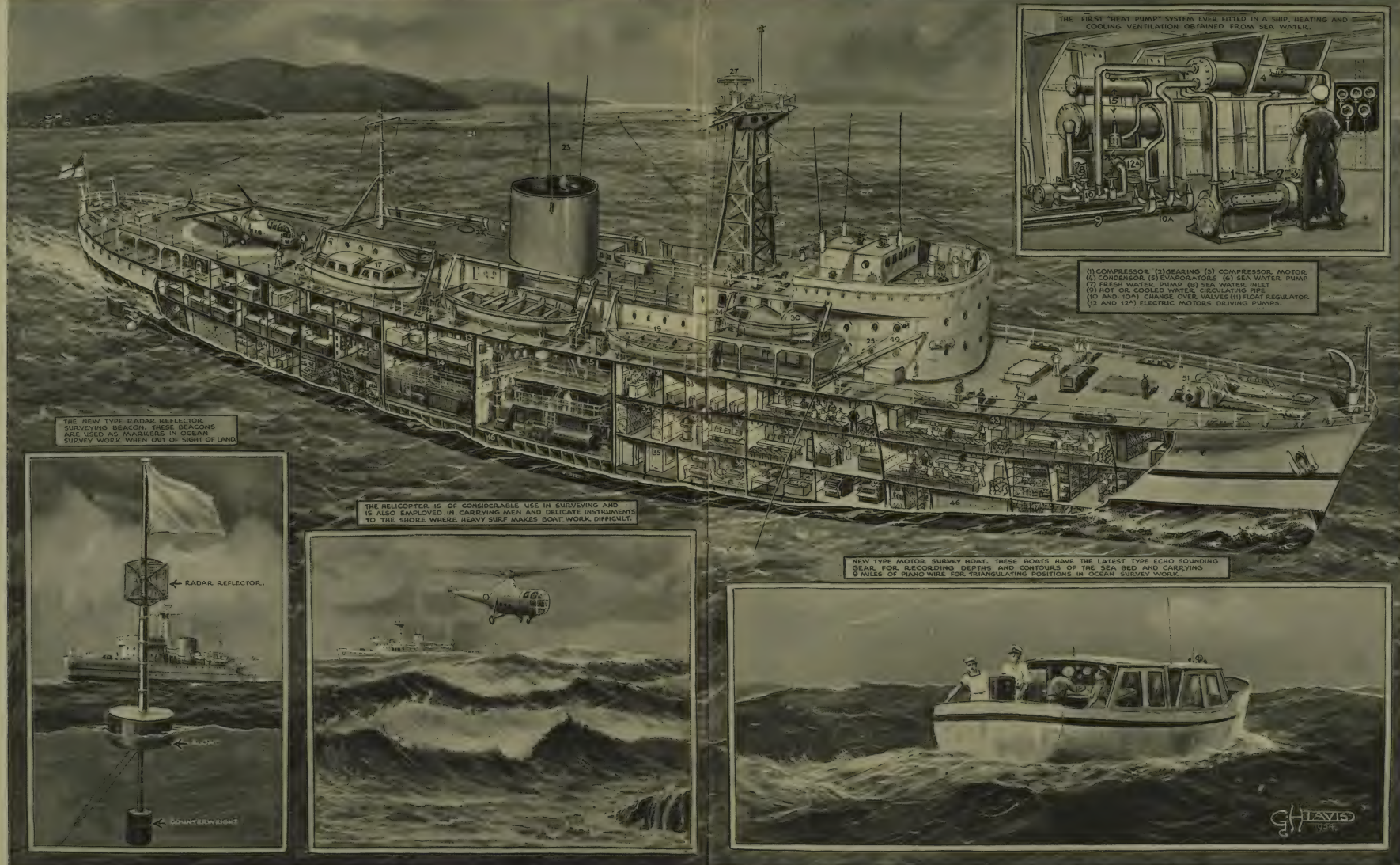


A GREAT BRITISH FIELD MARSHAL WHO CONTINUES TO PLAY A VITAL RÔLE TO-DAY AS "AN INTERNATIONAL SOLDIER":
FIELD MARSHAL THE VISCOUNT MONTGOMERY OF ALAMEIN, K.G., G.C.B., D.S.O.

At the Royal United Service Institution in London, on October 21, Field Marshal Lord Montgomery, speaking "as an international soldier who is the servant of the fourteen Governments of N.A.T.O.," said that at Supreme Allied Headquarters all the operational planning was being based on using atomic and thermo-nuclear weapons in our defence. Field Marshal Lord Montgomery, who is Deputy Supreme Allied Commander, Europe, was delivering a lecture entitled "A look through a window at World War III," and was expressing his personal views. He said: "The cold war calls for the use of conventional weapons; success in the hot war calls for new weapons. We have reached the point of no return as regards the use of atomic and thermo-nuclear weapons

in a hot war." Earlier Lord Montgomery had said that as these weapons and others are developed further it will become "increasingly clear that a 'hot' war will be mutual suicide for the contestants." He was bluntly critical of the present state of Civil Defence and said: "there is no sound Civil Defence organisation in the national territory of any N.A.T.O. nation so far as I know." On the following day, October 22, Lord Montgomery attended the annual El Alamein Reunion, which was held at the Empire Pool, Wembley. On October 24 he was back in the Western Desert, where he commanded the Eighth Army, to unveil a memorial to the men of the British Commonwealth who died in the Near East in World War II., and who have no known grave.

An exclusive portrait study by Karsh of Ottawa.



DURING the terrible hurricane "Hazel," which struck southern Haiti on October 13, causing much damage and loss of life, and later travelled northwards through North Carolina, Virginia and Ontario, wreaking havoc on its way, the Royal Navy's latest survey ship, H.M.S. Vidal, which is serving on the West Indies station, brought relief stores and medical aid from Jamaica to victims on Haiti. Since the last war the requirements of the Hydrographic Department of the Admiralty have been met by converting frigates during the building stage into survey ships. H.M.S. Vidal, however, was from the start designed for hydrographic surveying and chart production. With a length of 315 ft., a beam of 40 ft. and a displacement of 2000 tons, she was completed at the Royal Dockyard, Chatham, at the end of 1953, and is the first survey ship to be equipped with a helicopter flight deck and hangar. This deck arrangement makes possible the flying off and on of a helicopter so that air survey work can be carried out, and parties can be transported ashore to observation stations when heavy surf makes boatwork dangerous. H.M.S. Vidal carries three of the latest

(Continued opposite.)

KEY TO H.M.S. VIDAL.

1. Dragoon helicopter.
2. Helicopter hanger.
3. Wire winch holding 140 miles of piano wire.
- 4 and 4a. Officers' cabins.
5. Wardroom galley (Wardroom is on port side).
6. Hydrographic stores.
7. Freshwater tanks.
8. Inflammable stores.
9. Aircraft workshop and stores.
10. Naval stores.
11. Lower power-room.
12. Laundry.
13. Engineers' mess.
14. After distilling pumps and generator room. (After engine is on port side).
15. Forward starboard Diesel engine. (Forward distilling plant and generators are on port side).
16. Oil fuel tanks.
17. Surf, survey boat (starboard).
18. Surf, motor cutter (starboard).
19. Surf boat (starboard).
20. Mainmast.
21. Airstrip.
- 22 and 22a. Mounting positions for 8-inch gun (not carried in peacetime).
- 23 and 23a. Whip aerials.
24. Surveying chartroom.
25. Captain's and officers' cabins.
26. Lattice foremast.
27. Radar beacon.
28. Sirens.
29. Bridge.
30. Motor dinghy.
31. Canteen.
32. Stores.
33. Bathrooms.
34. Gyro-room.
35. Cold stores.
36. Heat pump.
37. C.P.O.'s mess.
38. Stokers' mess.
39. E.R.A.'s mess.
40. Map and chart photo-room.
41. Litho printing office.
42. Chart-printing room.
43. Seamen's mess.
44. Stokers' mess.
45. Stokers' mess.
46. Freshwater tanks.
47. Stokers' mess.
48. Naval stores.
49. Boom.
50. Line for carrying gear to take water sample, etc.
51. Anchor windlass.
52. Jackstaff.

(Continued.)

surveying motor-boats equipped with echo-sounding apparatus. The most modern electronic aids for this work have been incorporated and advanced echo-sounding gear enables hydrographers in the ship to receive a continuous and automatic trace of the sea-bed. There is a large process camera and lithographic printing press to enable the results of these surveys to be reproduced on board. The ship is fitted with an unusual air-conditioning plant to make her living quarters, working spaces and offices comfortable in all climates from the Equator to the Poles. Operating on the reversible heat-pump principle, this plant is capable of either heating or cooling the ship. When used for the former the plant extracts heat from the sea, and it can do this even when the sea is at Arctic temperatures. If sufficient heat cannot, however, be extracted from the sea, it can be supplemented by heat from the main engines. In addition to H.M.S. Vidal, the existing survey fleet of the Royal Navy consists of H.M. Ships Cook, Dalrymple, Dampier, Owen, Scott, Shackleton, and a number of Surveying Motor Launches, serving in the East Indies, Persian Gulf, Mediterranean and Home Waters.

A VESSEL WHICH BROUGHT RELIEF TO HAITI DURING HURRICANE "HAZEL": H.M.S. VIDAL, THE

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, S.M.A.

NAVY'S NEW SURVEY SHIP AND THE FIRST TO BE EQUIPPED WITH A HELICOPTER FLIGHT DECK. WITH THE CO-OPERATION OF THE ADMIRALTY.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE



LESSONS FROM A TAME WOODPECKER.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

EARLIER this year the drumming of woodpeckers was dealt with on this page on two separate occasions. The result of these discussions, and of the observations sent in by a number of readers, was to make it doubtful whether the drumming is a purely mechanical effect, in which the sound is produced solely by the impact of the beak on the trunk or branch of a tree, or whether it might not be partially or wholly vocal. It was subsequent to these discussions that a zoologist colleague told me that he was surprised I had bothered to discuss the subject at all, that he thought it had long ago been settled that the drumming had been produced mechanically. He was, of course, expressing the orthodox view. But let us hear what *Jock* has to say.

Before detailing the lessons *Jock* has taught me, I would like to make quite clear what is meant by drumming. From several letters received on the previous occasions referred to, it seems that the

cover. Above all, he has shown the restless activity of his kind. The whole day long he is either flying from branch to branch, climbing up or sidling along the branches and always pausing to punch a few holes in a branch. A familiar sequence is when he climbs up a branch, pauses to tap with the beak, moves on, taps again, and so continues until at one point he sets to work in real earnest. Then we see not merely the restless activity but the tremendous punch behind the beak. A few strokes are made straight forward, then a few from the left and a few from the right. During this action the body appears to be static, but the head is carried back by an almost unbelievable stretching of the neck, and from this position the head and beak are driven forward not with the curving trajectory of a pick, but with the direct punching action of an awl. Watching *Jock* at

work, it is difficult to believe that he could possibly put more vigour into his pecking than he does. And another remarkable thing, once he has settled on a spot, is the speed at which these hammer-blows are delivered.

This, then, is the normal wood-pecking associated with the search for food and the capture of food. It goes on all the year round. The drumming is, however, a courting call. It is heard only in spring and is an entirely different sound, a low percussion sound variously described as being like that produced by a small police rattle, running a stick across wooden palings, and so on. None of these is adequate although all are approximately descriptive, but they do not do justice to the musical quality of the drumming. The call is made as the woodpecker clings to the trunk with its beak towards the bark and the head vibrates rapidly in time with the sound. Even when watching with binoculars it is impossible to say if the beak touches the wood or not. The argument in favour of the drumming being mechanical lies, therefore, in the observed fact that when the bird drums on a metal-capped post the drumming has a metallic quality, whereas on wood the drumming has the sound of wood being tapped.

Watching *Jock* at work it occurred to me one day to test the carrying power of the sound made as he attacked with all his vigour a solid branch. With no other sounds to interfere, I found that the limit of audibility was 50 ft. I have tested this many times, always with the same result. Then it struck me that the woodpeckers we hear in spring in the woods

without straining the ear, at much greater distances. The edge of the wood is 100 ft. from our porch. The tree on which we most frequently watch the Great Spotted Woodpeckers drumming is not less than 100 yards away, yet all day long in the spring the sound comes to anyone standing in the porch as a distinctly audible sound. It could be argued, of course, that the birds choose hollow trees for the purpose, although, as pointed out in my previous discussions, they will also drum audibly even on slender branches. Moreover, drumming has been heard on telegraph poles and concrete posts, neither of which are hollow.

When *Jock* pecks on a wooden box in the porch the sound can be heard all over the house. If he pecks at a small plywood box hanging under an oak the sound can be heard at much more than 50 ft. away, but that is hardly a fair comparison. That particular box, about 1 ft. each way, of thin ply, was once used for "noises off" in an amateur play when the roll of a drum was needed. A fairer comparison can be obtained with the branches on which

Jock amuses himself, for he hollows them out like a dug-out canoe or a tom-tom, and will then obligingly tap on the side. That sound is just audible to me at 60 or 70 ft. So in all the tests I could apply none gave me audible sounds for the 100 yards observed by me for true drumming.

It is always possible that these rough-and-ready tests contain too great a margin of error for a critical decision. Be that as it may, there are still one or two things yet to be mentioned. For example, although I have many times watched a woodpecker drumming I do not recall seeing the head move with the vigour used by *Jock* in his ordinary wood-pecking. Yet the drumming carries over at least three times the distance. The most convincing evidence is yet to come. If drumming is produced by percussion of the beak on wood, how do we explain the comparative silence except during spring? For the rest of the year one may walk the woods and hear only the occasional



REDUCED TO THIS CONDITION IN A FEW WEEKS BY A TAME AND WELL-KEPT GREAT SPOTTED WOODPECKER: A BRANCH 3 FT. LONG AND 3 INS. IN DIAMETER, OF SOUND WOOD, CUT LAST AUTUMN AND MILDLY INFESTED WITH INSECT LARVÆ SINCE.

distinction between ordinary wood-pecking and drumming is not always understood. Woodpeckers typically feed on insect larvæ burrowing in the trunks and branches of trees. To reach these the birds peck through the outer layers of the wood, and having carved out a funnel-shaped depression, the apex of which reaches to where the grub is sited, the grub is then extracted with the tongue. This can be illustrated by watching *Jock* in action, and I must therefore introduce him.

A subsidiary result of my correspondence on the drumming of the Great Spotted Woodpecker was that Mrs. J. Walton Burnett, of Cheshire, wrote telling me of the young one she had hand-reared. Brought to her injured, she had nursed it back to health. A tame woodpecker presents certain disadvantages, however, especially in the matter of furniture, and to shorten the story, Mrs. J. Walton Burnett very kindly allowed me to give *Jock* a new home, and an obliging friend brought him right across England to his present quarters. *Jock* has taught me much, including the ease with which he can hide behind the slenderest of



A SPECIMEN OF THE WOODPECKER'S CARVING: A BRANCH HOLLOWED OUT IN A MANNER WHICH RECALLS A DUG-OUT CANOE OR A CERTAIN KIND OF TOM-TOM, MAKING AN EXCELLENT RESONATOR. YET A WOODPECKER HAMMERING ON IT IN THE COURSE OF NORMAL ACTIVITY FAILED TO PRODUCE A SOUND AS LOUD AS THE COURTSHIP DRUMMING, WHICH IS SAID TO BE DUE TO IMPACT OF THE BEAK ALONE.

Photographs by Humphrey Cull.

tapping of woodpeckers, and then only when the bird is at fairly close quarters. If the wild birds are at all like *Jock*, and if drumming is due entirely to impact of the beak on wood, why do we not hear something at least comparable to the drumming heard in spring and hear it frequently?

Perhaps the tawny owls suggest an answer. I wrote two weeks ago of their beak-snapping. This castanet-like sound is produced by the mandibles being clapped together. You can actually see the mandibles move, so there is no doubt about it, or so it would seem. Yet a week or so ago, when I was feeding the owls, one of them, with a large piece of food in its beak, made a sound, not so loud and less prolonged, but otherwise identical with the sound made during the normal beak-snapping.

As a zoologist colleague is fond of saying, Nature not only abhors a vacuum, but is a fairly good leg-puller.



PROBABLY THE ONLY BUILDING OF ITS SIZE IN THE WORLD ENTIRELY COVERED WITH PICTORIAL MOSAIC: THE LIBRARY OF THE NEW UNIVERSITY CITY OF MEXICO, WHOSE DECORATION SUMMARISES THE HISTORY, PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE, OF THE COUNTRY.

Sir Alfred Bossom, Bt., M.P., has recently visited the University City of Mexico, now nearly completed, and the nature of this immense architectural and cultural achievement is indicated in the photographs on this page and pages 746-747. On the scale and scope of the University City, Sir Alfred remarks: "Education of the peons of yesterday is something that nobody worried very much about, but now this, too, has changed. For example, in the last four years under governmental guidance, a colossal University capable of providing the highest and most diverse forms of education for fully 30,000 students has been built within a reasonable distance of the national capital. Something like sixty architects (all of them Mexicans) were retained to concentrate on its layout, design and production, and to-day there is hardly a subject for which facilities have not been provided and most studies have a specific building. There is hardly a type or

form of building of which you do not find an illuminating example among the great collection that has been built. . . . All the buildings are now practically completed. Their equipment and professional staff will in due course be provided, so as to make the University capable of functioning completely for the benefit of the whole nation. . . . Every type of structure, from the great skyscrapers to the tiny mushroom-like affair specially designed to study the cosmic rays, is here to be found. A sports stadium that will bear comparison with anything anywhere, capable of handling all the contests of the full Olympic Games programme, forms a part of the scheme. Functional, traditional and impressionist forms of building all stand side by side in this new development where, but five years ago, there existed only a few quite unimportant domestic houses. All is within sight of the great Popocatepetl, a snow-capped volcano as beautiful as Japan's Fujiyama."

NEW LIFE FOR ANCIENT MEXICO: A UNIVERSITY CITY FOR 30,000 STUDENTS.



WITHIN SIGHT OF THE LOVELY VOLCANO, POPOCATEPETL: THE HUGE CHEMICAL SCIENCE BUILDING OF THE NEW UNIVERSITY CITY OF MEXICO, NOW NEARLY COMPLETE.



THE GREAT VETERINARY SCHOOL. VETERINARY KNOWLEDGE IS OF THE HIGHEST IMPORTANCE IN MEXICO, TO IMPROVE THE COUNTRY'S ANIMAL RESOURCES, AND SO THE STANDARD OF LIFE.



THE MEDICAL SCHOOL OF MEXICO UNIVERSITY CITY. HUGE EXTERIOR MURALS ARE A FEATURE OF THE NEW BUILDINGS, THIS ONE BEING BY THE PAINTER FRANCISCO EPPENS.



THIS BUILDING UPON STILTS HOUSES THE HUMANITIES IN THE NEW UNIVERSITY; AND FORMS A FITTING COUNTERPOISE TO THE TECHNICAL EMPHASIS COMMON IN YOUNG UNIVERSITIES.



IN STRIKING CONTRAST WITH THE HUGE RECTILINEAR FACULTY BUILDINGS, MANY BEARING GRANDIOSE EXTERIOR MURALS: THE TINY AND ISOLATED RIPPLED PAVILION DEVOTED SOLELY TO THE STUDY OF COSMIC RAYS.

We show here a selection of photographs of the truly remarkable buildings which during the last four years have been erected to form the new University City, not far from Mexico City, and designed to meet the needs of about 30,000 students. Sir Alfred Bossom, Bt., M.P., who speaks of the general scope of this nearly complete project on page 745, writes also: "Any visitor to the Americas to-day who does not visit this latest big educational effort, designed steadily to improve the



DEVOTED TO THE DETAILED AND GENERAL STUDY OF NUCLEAR ENERGY: A BUILDING AND FACULTY PLANNED TO PROVIDE MEXICO WITH TRAINED TECHNICIANS WHEN SUCH ENERGY IS GENERALLY AVAILABLE.

nation's standards in so many directions, is missing an experience that I believe is not to be found anywhere else. . . . Give [the Mexicans] a little time and further exploitation of the vast national wealth [that is here in such abundance], and a visit to Mexico will be an essential part of the education of every experienced good-intentioned or cultured person." Even to-day the University City testifies to Mexico's immense vitality and abounding confidence in the future.

A MEXICAN RENAISSANCE: VIEWS OF THE WORLD'S MOST MODERN UNIVERSITY.



A GENERAL VIEW OF THE CAMPUS OF MEXICO'S NEW UNIVERSITY CITY, LOOKING OVER THE SWIMMING-POOL TOWARDS THE TOWER OF THE EXPERIMENTAL SCIENCE BUILDING.



THE AIRY DIVING PLATFORMS OF THE SWIMMING-POOL. THE SPORTS FACILITIES IN GENERAL ARE DESIGNED TO ACCOMMODATE AN ENTIRE OLYMPIC GAMES CONTEST.



PART OF THE VAST ATHLETIC GROUNDS, WITH SPECIAL FACILITIES FOR TRACK AND FIELD EVENTS. THE PRINCIPLE IS TO IMPROVE NATIONAL PHYSIQUE BY UNIVERSITY EXAMPLE.

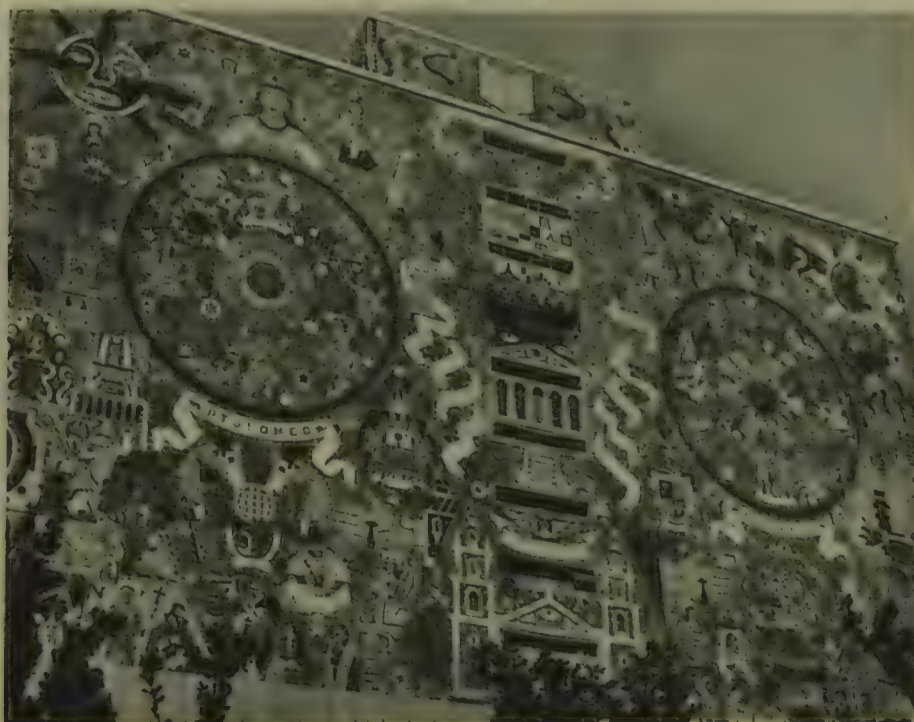


BELIEVED TO BE THE LARGEST SPORTS STADIUM IN THE AMERICAS SOUTH OF THE RIO GRANDE: THE UNIVERSITY OLYMPIC STADIUM, SHAPED LIKE A HUGE SAUCER.



THIS STRIKING MURAL, BY DIEGO RIVERA, SITED OVER THE PRINCIPAL ENTRANCE OF THE OLYMPIC STADIUM, IS IN A CURIOUS MOSAIC BAS-RELIEF OF "ACID-PAINTED" STONES, AND DEPICTS THE HISTORY OF MEXICAN SPORT.

University City, Mexico, now after four years of intensive effort nearly complete, but still awaiting its tutorial and student body, has been designed to meet Mexico's especial needs, the humanities being balanced with those technical studies which are so essential to a relatively undeveloped country. Great stress, too, is being laid on athletics, so that university examples shall tend to the improvement of the physical well-being of the whole nation. Architecturally and artistically, the



THE HUGE MOSAIC MURAL FAÇADE OF THE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY, THE DESIGN OF WHICH IS BY THE ARCHITECT OF THE BUILDING, JUAN O'GORMAN. IT SUMMARISES MEXICAN HISTORY, ACTIVITIES OF THE PRESENT AND ASPIRATIONS FOR THE FUTURE.

new buildings show an abounding vitality and some very interesting combinations of modern styles and techniques, with pre-Columbian forms and motifs. The most obviously striking features are the huge exterior mural decorations, by famous Mexican artists, in reliefs, mosaics, and at the entrance to the Olympic Stadium is an astonishing blend of mosaic and relief illustrated on this page, and the work of that famous Mexican artist and controversial figure, Diego Rivera.

FAREWELL SCENES AS THE QUEEN MOTHER LEAVES FOR THE U.S. AND CANADA.



BOUND FOR NEW YORK: THE LINER *QUEEN ELIZABETH* LEAVING SOUTHAMPTON ON OCTOBER 21 WITH QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER ON BOARD. HER MAJESTY IS PAYING A BRIEF VISIT TO THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.



BIDDING FAREWELL TO THE QUEEN MOTHER AT WATERLOO STATION: THE QUEEN, WITH THE DUKE OF CORNWALL, PRINCESS ANNE, PRINCESS MARGARET AND SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL.

QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER left Waterloo Railway Station on October 20 for Southampton, where she boarded the liner *Queen Elizabeth*, which sailed for New York via Cherbourg the following day; and was due to arrive on October 26. Her Majesty, who was accompanied as far as Southampton by her daughter, Princess Margaret, is paying a brief visit to

[Continued opposite.]



QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER GIVING AN AFFECTIONATE EMBRACE TO HER GRANDSON, THE DUKE OF CORNWALL, BEFORE BOARDING HER TRAIN AT WATERLOO STATION.



WAVING GOOD-BYE AS THE TRAIN, WITH THE QUEEN MOTHER ON BOARD, LEAVES WATERLOO STATION: THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, WITH THEIR CHILDREN.

[Continued.] the United States at the invitation of President Eisenhower; and to Canada, where she will stay as the guest of Mr. V. Massey, the Governor-General. The Queen Mother will leave New York in the liner *Queen Mary* on November 18. At the platform on the station to see her Majesty off were the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh, with the Duke of Cornwall and Princess Anne; and the Prime Minister, Sir Winston Churchill.

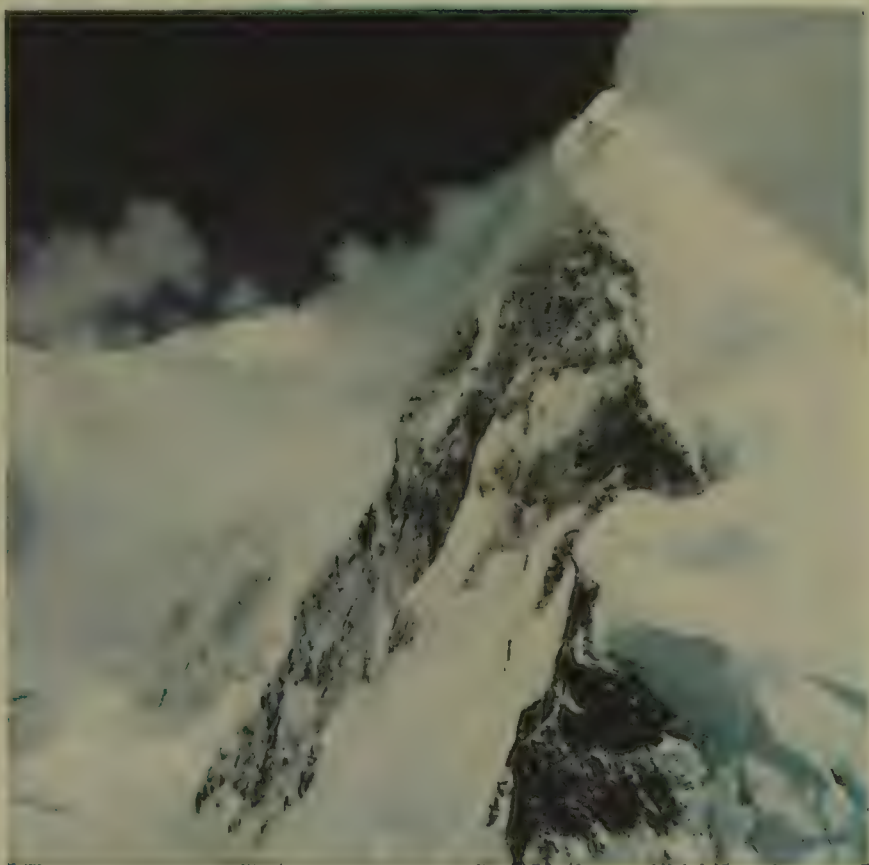
GRIM ICE-ARMOURED HIMALAYAN PEAKS: BARUNTSE, CONQUERED BY THE NEW ZEALANDERS, AND OTHER SUMMITS.

THESE fine colour photographs were taken by one of the members of the New Zealand Alpine Club's 1954 Himalayan Expedition, from the previously unexplored Plateau Glacier, near Mount Everest; and give a good idea of the impressive scene. Our readers will recall that in our issues of February 20, May 29, June 5 and June 19 we published remarkable photographs illustrating the progress of the expedition, and we conclude the series with these colour photographs. The expedition started with three objectives—the climbing of Chamlang (24,012 ft.); Baruntse (23,570 ft.); and Amadablam (22,600 ft.). The first was reconnoitred from the south and the north, but, wrote Sir Edmund Hillary, "nowhere could we see the faintest chink in its formidable armour of avalanche-strewn slopes and bulging ice"; Amadablam was not examined at close quarters, owing to lack of time, but the frequent long-distance view of it did not give much hope of there being a possible route. Baruntse, however,

[Continued below, right]



SUNSET ON THE RED ROCK SUMMIT OF MAKALU (27,790 FT.), WITH, IN THE FOREGROUND, THE PLATEAU GLACIER WHERE MEMBERS OF THE EXPEDITION PLAYED RUGBY FOOTBALL—AT A HEIGHT OF OVER 20,000 FT.



A FORMIDABLE PEAK CONQUERED ON MAY 30 AFTER A VERY DIFFICULT PASSAGE: BARUNTSE, WREATHED WITH FLEECY CLOUDS, AS IT APPEARED FROM THE PREVIOUSLY UNEXPLORED PLATEAU GLACIER NEAR MOUNT EVEREST.

[Continued.]

was conquered; for on May 30 Colin Todd and Geoffrey Harrow reached the summit; and two days later Bill Beaven and George Lowe did the same. It was a far more difficult ascent than it had looked, and from its fine summit an unusual view of Everest was obtained. Sir Edmund Hillary, in his summing-up of the expedition's achievements, noted that the summit ridge of this mountain tested even these expert ice-climbers to the utmost, and Todd's effort in particular was a remarkable one. At a height of 23,000 ft. he cut steps for over five hours along a slope so steep that in places he had to chop a hollow for his legs and hips so that he could stand upright in the steps. Makalu (27,790 ft.) is the fifth-highest mountain, situated some ten miles from Mount Everest. A French expedition is planning a full-scale attack on the summit with oxygen in the spring, and if they fail, Sir Edmund Hillary has stated that he has plans for returning there in 1956 with a British party to continue the attack. The Barun Plateau Glacier, from which these photographs were taken, was the scene of a game of football by members of the expedition at an altitude of 20,000 ft., and Sir Edmund Hillary wrote that "To see the enthusiasm with which our Sherpas kicked the ball up and down the Barun Glacier would have warmed the heart of even the most acid Rugby critic." The expedition was not without its misfortunes. At the end of April Wilkins and McFarlane were descending a glacier

[Continued below, left.]



SEEN FROM THE PLATEAU GLACIER: A VIEW OF PEAK 20,990, SUPERB IN ITS LONELY, ICE-GIRT SPLENDOUR, SHOWING THE CAMP OF MEMBERS OF THE NEW ZEALAND EXPEDITION IN THE FOREGROUND.

[Continued.]

at 19,500 ft. when Wilkins plunged through the thin crust of ice which effectively concealed a deep crevasse. McFarlane was dragged into the hole by the rope, and fell 60 ft. Wilkins, comparatively unhurt, valiantly cut his way out and got help. Sir Edmund Hillary, while trying to rescue Wilkins, broke three ribs; and when McFarlane was got out he was suffering from bad frostbite. Later on, Sir Edmund



WITH BARUNTSE (23,570 FT.; RIGHT CENTRE), WHICH WAS CLIMBED ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE ASCENT OF MOUNT EVEREST BY MEMBERS OF THE EXPEDITION, JUST SHOWING BY THE CLOUD: PEAK 20,990.

Hillary returned to high altitudes before his ribs had properly healed, and as "altitude rarely allows any liberties," he was carried down in a helpless condition. But in spite of these disasters, no member of the expedition was ever anything but cheerful and confident, and, to quote Sir Edmund Hillary again, "Nothing will erase from our minds the thrill of new explorations . . ."

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ONE hundred years ago the British and French forces were fighting in the Crimean War against Tsarist Russia; and Oct. 25 and Nov. 5 of this year mark the centenaries of the terrible engagements of Balaklava and Inkerman: battles in which the heroism displayed by the British troops stands unequalled in military history. On this and other pages of this issue we reproduce vivid sketches made during the campaign by the Hon. Henry Hugh Clifford, then Captain, Rifle Brigade, acting as A.D.C. to General Buller, Brigadier in the Light Division commanded by Sir George Brown. Captain Clifford, who subsequently became Major-General Sir Henry Hugh Clifford, K.C.M.G., C.B., was awarded the Victoria Cross for his part in the Battle of Inkerman. A natural descriptive writer as well as a gifted artist, he wrote vivid accounts of his experiences in a journal and letters

[Continued below, right.]



"LORD RAGLAN CONSULTING WITH GENERAL CANROBERT AT THE BATTLE OF INKERMEN" (NOVEMBER 5, 1854). "... THE HARDEST FIGHTING TOOK PLACE JUST OVER THE BROW OF THE NEAREST RIDGE": A SKETCH BY CAPTAIN THE HON. HENRY HUGH CLIFFORD, AWARDED THE VICTORIA CROSS FOR HIS PART IN THE BATTLE.



LORD RAGLAN'S ROOM AT H.Q., DRAWN AT HIS REQUEST BY CAPTAIN THE HON. HENRY HUGH CLIFFORD, V.C., WHO THOUGHT AS HE "LOOKED AT HIS ANXIOUS FACE... OF ALL 'THE TIMES' HAS SAID AGAINST HIM AND WHAT A HARD PART HE HAS HAD TO PLAY."

A CRIMEAN V.C. OFFICER'S SKETCHES: THE FIELD OF INKERMEN, AND LORD RAGLAN'S ROOM.

[Continued.] in the distance." Clifford wrote on February 10, 1855, "I have just come home from Head Quarters where I have been having a long tête-à-tête with Lord Raglan, drawing the interior of his room for him. It is a snug, pleasant little place and what with the

good lunch he gave me, and the comfortable fire to sit by, I have passed less agreeable moments since I put foot in the Crimea. He was writing a long letter... to the Duke of Newcastle, such a letter! It quite takes the shine out of my journals in length."

[Continued.] home, extracts from which we also publish. Of Inkerman he wrote: "... I am sure in cold blood I never could strike at a man as I did then and if I had not, in all probability those with me would not have charged, and we should have lost our lives. This morning [Nov. 6, 1854] I passed the Russians, prisoners and wounded, a man amongst them ran up and called to me and pointed to his shoulder bound up, it was the poor fellow whose arm I had cut off yesterday; he laughed and said, 'Bono Johnny.' I took his hand and shook it heartily and the tears came in my eyes. I had not a shilling in my pocket, had I had a bag of gold he should have had it. I enquired if he had been cared for and the Doctor told me he had and was doing well." In the sketch of Inkerman we reproduce "the rising ground beyond the tents was occupied by the Allied troops; the enemy's position was on the rising ground

[Continued below, left.]



HOSTILITIES SUSPENDED TO BURY THE DEAD, A SKETCH BY CAPTAIN THE HON. H. H. CLIFFORD, V.C.: THE FLAG OF TRUCE IS FLYING FROM THE MAMELON (CENTRE, BACKGROUND) AND BETWEEN THE LONG TRENCH (THE ADVANCE WORK OF THE RUSSIANS) AND THE DITCH (LEFT), THE HEAD OF THE FRENCH TRENCH, ALLIED AND RUSSIAN OFFICERS STAND TALKING.



"HEAVY BRIGADE HORSES AFTER THE CHARGE": A POIGNANT SKETCH, BY CAPTAIN THE HON. HENRY HUGH CLIFFORD, V.C., OF THE FIELD OF BALACLAVA, OCTOBER 25, 1854.

A CRIMEAN V.C. OFFICER'S SKETCHES: A TRUCE TO BURY THE DEAD, AND AFTER BALACLAVA.

A temporary suspension of hostilities during the Crimean War so that the dead might be collected and buried forms the subject of one of the "vivid sketches made during the campaign by Captain the Hon. Henry Hugh Clifford, awarded the V.C. after Inkerman. He described the scene as "a strange and shocking sight. Men talking together, laughing and smoking, who a few minutes before were doing all they could to take each other's lives, and who kept turning every now and then an anxious eye to the heap of slain, to see how many yet remained to be carried away, as the removal of the last, would put an end to this unnatural state of things and the combat of life

and death would begin again." He also wrote that a momentary panic was caused by a French sentry starting a hare and crying "*Tirez!*" upon which the Russians, suspecting foul play, ran to their trenches and the Allies, startled by the movement, did the like, but the matter was explained before any mischief ensued. At the same time a Russian asked a French officer his opinion of their new work, pointing to the Mamelon. "*Je vous dirais,*" replied the Frenchman, "*lorsque je serais dedans.*" Clifford described the Charge of the Heavy Brigade at Balaclava, writing: "Like a shot from a cannon-ball our brave fellows went at the astounded enemy like one man . . ."



THE UNSUCCESSFUL BRITISH ASSAULT ON THE REDAN ON SEPTEMBER 8, 1855: A SKETCH OF THE ATTACK, MADE BY CAPTAIN THE HON. HENRY HUGH CLIFFORD, V.C., WHO WAS PRESENT. HE NARROWLY ESCAPED WITH HIS LIFE IN THE TERRIBLE CARNAGE OF THE ENGAGEMENT.

ONE of the tragic episodes of the Crimean War is illustrated by Captain the Hon. Henry Hugh Clifford's sketch reproduced on this page (above)—the unsuccessful British assault on the Redan, of September 8, 1855. Clifford described it with heartrending details in his letters home of September 9, 1855, and added his criticism of the attack, writing "... was it right to send any men 200 yards in the open against a place like the Redan, with guns vomiting forth grape, and when hundreds of their comrades fell long before they ever got to the ditch?" Of himself, he wrote: "My duty kept me by Sir William Codrington's side... and tho I was not at the Redan I do assure you the position of the General and myself was almost as exposed, the grape and musket shot at 100 yards kept mowing down the men on every side of us..."



INCLUDING THE JACKET (THIRD FROM LEFT) HE WORE WHEN LEADING THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE AT BALACLAVA: UNIFORMS, ORDERS AND DECORATIONS BELONGING TO THE SEVENTH EARL OF CARDIGAN. (Colour photograph by courtesy of Sketchley, Ltd., Hinckley.)

A CRIMEAN V.C. OFFICER'S SKETCH OF THE ATTACK ON THE REDAN: AND A BALACLAVA RELIC.

The uniforms illustrated belonged to the seventh Earl of Cardigan, and are (l. to r.) his General's frock-coat and plumed hat (he became a Lieut.-General in 1861); a Hussar's tunic; the Hussar's jacket he wore when leading the Charge of the Light Brigade, and a Hussar's pelisse; and, in front, a busby. They are preserved, with his Orders and decorations, spurs, swords (including his General's sword and a presentation sword), and two sabretaches, at Deene Park, Northants, once his home and now the seat of his kinsman, Mr. George Lionel Thomas Brudenell. Messrs. Sketchley have recently been able to clean these hard-worn uniforms, and even restore a little of the gleam to the gold braid. In "The Reason

Why," Mrs. Woodham-Smith's book on the Crimean War (Constable), she thus describes Lord Cardigan's appearance at Balaklava: "He wore the gorgeous uniform of the 11th Hussars and, living as he did on his yacht, he had been able to preserve it in pristine splendour. The bright sunlight lit up the brilliance of cherry colour and royal blue, the richness of fur and plume and lace; instead of wearing his gold-laced pelisse dangling from his shoulders, he had put it on as a coat, and his figure... was outlined in a blaze of gold. He rode his favourite charge Ronald, and... he was... 'the very incarnation of bravery.'"

ON the 15th of this month two travellers on the move, though widely separated, were closely connected with the affairs of the Far East and, it may be, with the prospects of world peace. Mr. Nehru started off on his visit to Communist China, by way of Burma and Indo-China, where he made brief halts. Mr. Robertson, United States Assistant Secretary of State for the Far East, returned to Washington after a visit to Formosa. These journeys are of particular interest, because something like a minor war has been in progress between Communist China, mistress of all the continental territories of the nation, and Nationalist China, driven off the mainland but maintaining itself with American help in islands of the East China Sea. If this is to be classed as a war, it is the only one going on in the world at the moment. It is limited in its direct effects, but a potential danger spot. No other area has recently appeared to present such risks of an international explosion. The relations of Mr. Nehru with Communist China are, of course, quite different from those of the American State Department with Nationalist China, but Mr. Nehru has always hoped to play the part of a bridge between the opposing ideals of Asia and the West.

This extraordinary figure, so brilliant a personality in many respects yet with so many weaknesses, so lofty in his denunciation of ruthlessness in others, and yet so inclined to ruthlessness when his own will is thwarted, set off in one of his most unaccountable moods. He was weary of his job, disgusted with the Congress. All men who have to face problems of any importance change their minds about the means of solving them, but his habit of thinking aloud reveals how unsettled and dissatisfied—as much perhaps with himself as with those he feels to be failures in the new India—his mind has become. The doctrine of

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

THE TWO CHINAS.

By CYRIL FALLS,
Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

disaster. The Chinese Communist leaders are less astute than they would appear to be if they are prepared, as things stand, to undertake a wild-cat scheme, failure in which would dissipate some of the stock of prestige acquired by a good showing against European forces in Korea.

The Quemoy is a very different matter. There the opposing forces are within sight of each other. A surprise landing would always be possible. This does not mean that it would necessarily be successful. It has been tried once and then failed completely: about the only serious reverse suffered by the Communists in the later stages of the civil war. There can be no doubt, however, that if Communist China were to make a serious effort to take the Quemoy it would be a matter of the greatest difficulty for Nationalist China to hold them. They represent outposts of Nationalist strength, powerful, no doubt; but outposts are commonly formed to prevent surprise, not to hold out against the whole strength of the enemy, unless, indeed, their own Army chooses to move up to them in order to fight. In this case, that solution would be impossible. Moreover, though the loss of the Quemoy would be for the Nationalist cause an unpleasant reverse, that of Formosa would spell extinction.

The difference extends still further. The Quemoy cannot be called a major strategic interest of the United States. Formosa is. It may not always be

Nevertheless, the Government and people of the United States have become increasingly conscious of the risks created by the concentration of opposing strength in this area. The State Department, under Mr. Dulles, now takes a more objective view of the situation than when he first became Secretary of State. He and it seem surer of their policy and more consistent in pursuit of it. The situation is a difficult one, because the Communist Government of China is certain to take any opportunity of seizing the Quemoy that come its way. It might hesitate over a similar attempt on Formosa, even supposing that it were in a position to make one, because that would be far more likely to lead to a major war. Even as regards Formosa, however, Chinese Communist spokesmen have described its capture as a task which the Chinese nation must carry out. Whatever may be our view of the theoretical right of the Nationalists to raid the Chinese mainland, we cannot avoid feeling that it is a dangerous proceeding. That, it would seem, is what Mr. Robertson had been telling General Chiang Kai-shek and at the same time seeking to induce him not to do it.

Speculation about the eventual future of Formosa has little point. It will depend upon how things move in a wider political field. For that reason Mr. Attlee's suggestion that General Chiang Kai-shek and his followers should be removed from it to some unspecified place seems hardly worth making. Supposing it to be desirable, it is not at present practical politics. There have been some hints that on the other side Soviet Russia would prefer her Asian ally to go easy just now. Nearly all observers are convinced that General Chiang Kai-shek's view of Communist instability on the mainland is unfounded and that the present Communist Government is firmly

SURVIVORS OF THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE—ALL THAT WAS LEFT OF THEM—IN 1890.



AT A REUNION HELD AT OLYMPIA IN 1890; MEN WHO CAME THROUGH THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE OF OCTOBER 25, 1854, AT BALACLAVA.

This group of survivors of the Charge of the Light Brigade was taken at a reunion in 1890; and shows, fourth from right, Troop-Sergeant-Major John Berryman, 17th Lancers, who was awarded the Victoria Cross for his bravery on that occasion. The centenary of the Charge fell on October 25, and although there can now be no living survivors who took part in it, a remarkable Balacava dinner has been arranged for November 20 in the ballroom of Deene Park, home of the 7th Earl of Cardigan who led the Charge; and now the seat of his kinsman, Mr. George Lionel Thomas Brudenell. Mr. Brudenell's guests, who are to number 200, will be headed by T.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh and the Duke of Gloucester, and

will include high-ranking officers of the five regiments which took part in the Charge. These were the 4th and 13th Light Dragoons, the 11th and 8th Hussars and the 17th Lancers; now, respectively, the 4th Queen's Own Hussars, the 13th/18th Royal Hussars, the 11th Hussars, the 8th King's Royal Irish Hussars (of which the Duke of Edinburgh is Colonel-in-Chief) and the 17th/21st Lancers. In the White Hall at Deene Park stands a case of uniforms (illustrated in colour on another page) which formerly belonged to the 7th Earl of Cardigan and include the jacket he wore when leading the Charge; and the head and tail of the charger he rode in the Charge are preserved near by.

continental patriotism has brought him into sympathetic relations with régimes whose nature is very different to his own and whose influence upon the Indian people would be most unwelcome to him. Yet he is still a possible factor in the preservation of peace in Asia, and that continent is at the moment more likely to breed a new war than Europe.

Mr. Robertson's mission was, in view of his status, of more limited scope, but its objects were probably more clearly cut. At the time of writing the impression is that, in long talks with General Chiang Kai-shek, he put forward general counsels of moderation. He denied that his conversations were mainly military in character—anything of that sort, he said, would be a matter for the Defence Department, and he had brought no "instructions" for the cessation of Nationalist attacks on the Chinese mainland. Yet he admitted that military matters came under review, with political and economic. It seems certain that he obtained from General Chiang Kai-shek undertakings to limit or put an end to attacks on the mainland, unless, of course, these were provoked by Communist operations or preparations. It is to be noted that, according to Nationalist assertions, recent bombardments from the air and by land artillery have been a reply to Communist preparations for invasion of the Quemoy, for which purpose a large fleet of junks and other craft had been assembled.

I must emphasise how different is the problem of these small islands on the Chinese coast from that of Formosa. In the first place, Formosa is a great island, over 250 miles in length, and nowhere nearer than 100 miles to the mainland. It is strongly garrisoned by a trained force of all three Services, with modern equipment. It does not appear to stand in the slightest immediate danger, except possibly from a bombing attack. The Communist Chinese have not at present got the resources for an airborne attack, the most promising kind, supposing they contemplated any such action. An attempted invasion by sea would at present almost certainly end in

so, because weapons change and reassessments take place. At present, however, it is regarded by the Pentagon as an essential part of the system of strategic defence of the Pacific. In strategy, as in chess, account has to be taken not only of the effect of the withdrawal of a friendly piece from its position on the board, but also of the effect if it were to be replaced by a hostile piece. Formosa is related to the Ryuku Archipelago, and that, in turn, is related to Japan and the Marianas; it is also related to the Philippines. So, apart from the sentimental link with the Chiang Kai-shek régime in Formosa, that island plays a rôle in purely American defence schemes. The United States has not announced its intention of fighting for the Quemoy, though careful so far to refrain from saying the contrary. It has left no doubt that it would use every endeavour to defend Formosa.

As everyone knows, the United States Seventh Fleet is in those waters. Thoughtless critics, including some in our own country, go near to arguing that there is something reprehensible in this, something provocative. The Seventh Fleet, they say, should be stationed further away, where it would not risk offence to Chinese Communist susceptibilities. In the Napoleonic Wars Britain, a maritime nation, doubtless offended the susceptibilities of Napoleon by the disposition of its fleets during the one short peace interval, but no British historian at least would admit that our action was provocative. When forces whose main strength lies in their sea and air components are faced by forces whose strength lies overwhelmingly in their land component, they must use the sea and air to the best of their ability. They must, of course, take into account the moral effects of so doing, but it would be folly on their part to divest themselves of just those advantages which are inherent in their form of strategy and armament. The Russian land strength in Austria is more objectionable from this point of view, because it stands on national soil, whereas the oceans belong to no nation, except within its territorial waters.

established for a considerable time to come. On the issue of its recognition as a *de facto* Government in complete control, United States policy refuses to be hurried, but it is likely to come round to that opinion in the end. We can see clearly what advantages there would be in an invitation from the United States to Communist China to join the United Nations together with some friendly State hitherto kept out by Russian veto, but no doubt the State Department's eyes are equally wide open to them. The matter is governed by internal American politics.

The journeys of these two travellers are likely to do good. Mr. Nehru, in his talks in China, may have taken a tone critical of the United States and her allies, but we may be confident that any advice he has given has been pacific. The very idea of armed force is so abhorrent to him that he drew protests from his own military advisers by his treatment of the Indian fighting services. A more sincere and unqualified friend of peace is not to be found. And if the mission of Mr. Robertson has been rightly interpreted—the United States being a country where such matters are seldom kept secret—it will also make its contribution to the cause of peace. If the final solution of the problem is to be peaceful, the factors of patience and restraint must enter into it. We cannot expect miracles and need not waste breath on arrangements theoretically obvious but in practice unattainable. Their turn may come—till then the best policy is to keep on damping inflammable material.

One of the happiest political features of this autumn is that we now no longer hear reproach and counter-reproach in newspapers and on the radio echoing misunderstandings and dissatisfaction between Whitehall and Washington. In one field after another the United States and the United Kingdom have been working together in harmony and mutual confidence. The hard core of hope lies in Anglo-American co-operation. Fanciful "third forces" and giddy flirtations will never provide a sound substitute for it.

N.B.—The reproduction on this page does not illustrate Captain Falls' article.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE, AND OTHER ACTIONS OF THE CRIMEAN WAR.

BY THE V.C. OFFICER EYE-WITNESS WHOSE SKETCHES
ARE REPRODUCED ON THIS AND OTHER PAGES.

THE valour of the British troops who fought against Tsarist Russia a hundred years ago in the Crimea is unforgettable. To mark the centenaries of Inkerman (November 5) and Balaclava (October 25) *The Illustrated London News* is publishing in this issue a selection of drawings and vivid descriptions of the campaign by the Hon. Henry Hugh Clifford (1826-1883), a young British officer who won the Victoria Cross at Inkerman and fought at Alma. Clifford (third son of the seventh Baron Clifford) was then a captain in the Rifle Brigade, acting as A.D.C. to General Buller, Brigadier in the Light Division commanded by Sir George Brown. In May 1855 he was appointed Deputy Assistant Quarter-Master-General and, remaining in the Crimea until the end of the war, he was then promoted to the rank of Brevet Major, and received the medal and clasps for Alma, Inkerman and Sebastopol, and from foreign Governments the Legion of Honour and the 5th class of the Medjidie. He subsequently became Major-General Sir Henry Hugh Clifford, V.C., K.C.M.G., C.B.

Of the Battle of the Alma (September 20, 1854), Clifford wrote on September 21: "They tell me the force we have driven back consists of thirty thousand or forty thousand Russians, and that it is the army of the Crimea to defend Sebastopol. They have held the position we now hold for three weeks and thought it quite impossible we could take it from them. They had a river in their front and the high ground on which they placed their guns, which they handled in the most beautiful manner. We had to advance on the flat and could not get our guns to play upon them—in crossing the river we lost many men and on the opposite bank we had to charge and take an embankment with guns charged with grape shot..."

Balaclava, occasion of the famous Charge of the Light Brigade (October 25, 1854), is described in Clifford's letters dated October 27 and 29, 1854. In the first letter he writes as follows: "I must tell you that but little confidence has been placed in the commanding powers of Lord Lucan commanding the Cavalry, and long and loud have been the feuds on public grounds, between his Lordship and Lord Cardigan (than whom, a braver soldier never held a sword) who commands the Light Brigade; and it was thought if a verbal order was sent to Lord L. it might be misunderstood, or not carried out. A written order was, therefore, sent from Lord Raglan by Captain Nolan, General Airey's A.D.C. (formerly my brother A.D.C. in the Light Division) desiring his Lordship 'to charge.' 'To charge what?' said Lord Lucan very naturally. 'Here are your orders,' said poor Nolan, pointing to the paper, 'and there,' pointing to the Russian army, 'is the enemy,' and shouting 'Come on' to the Light Brigade of Cavalry, he dashed forward. He was wrong, poor fellow, in doing so, he forgot his position, and his conduct was most insulting to Lord Lucan and Lord Cardigan, who at the head of his Brigade, pale with indignation, shouted to him to stop, that he should answer for his words and actions before Lord Raglan, but he was called to a higher tribunal, a shell struck him in the chest, and in a few minutes he was a mangled corpse. Lord Lucan then ordered the Light Brigade of Cavalry between 600 and 700 to charge the Russian Army, 30,000 strong. This is the explanation I heard afterwards. From the commanding position in which I stood by the side of General Brite we saw the Light Brigade of Cavalry moving forward at a trot, in face of the Russian Army. 'Mon Dieu!' said the fine old French General, 'Que vont-ils faire?' They went steadily on, as Englishmen only go under heavy fire. Artillery in front, on the right and left. When some

thousand yards from the foremost of the enemy I saw shells bursting in the midst of the Squadrons and men and horses strewed the ground behind them; yet on they went, and the smoke of the murderous fire poured on them, hid them from my sight. The tears ran down my face, and the din of musketry pouring in their murderous fire on the brave gallant



AWARDED THE VICTORIA CROSS FOR HIS GALLANTRY AT INKERMEN; THE HON. HENRY HUGH CLIFFORD, IN THE CAMP BEFORE SEBASTOPOL IN 1855, WHEN BREVET MAJOR.

In this issue we publish extracts from the remarkable letters written home from the Crimea by the Hon. Henry Hugh Clifford, V.C., of Inkerman, then Captain in the Rifle Brigade; and reproductions of some of his drawings. He became Brevet Major in 1855, and later was Major-General Sir Henry Hugh Clifford, V.C., K.C.M.G., C.B.

fellows rings in my ears. 'Pauvre garçon,' said the old French General, patting me on the shoulder 'Je suis vieux, j'ai vu des batailles, mais ceci est trop.' Then the smoke cleared away and I saw hundreds of our poor fellows lying on the ground. The Cossacks and Russian Cavalry running them through as they lay, with their swords and lances. Some time passed,



THE BATTLE OF THE ALMA; A DRAWING BY CAPTAIN THE HON. HENRY HUGH CLIFFORD, V.C., WHO TOOK PART IN THE ENGAGEMENT. EXTRACTS FROM HIS LETTERS FROM THE CRIMEA APPEAR ON THIS PAGE.

A selection of the remarkable drawings made by Captain the Hon. Henry Hugh Clifford, V.C., during the Crimean War are reproduced in this issue in monochrome and in colour. Of the battle of the Alma (September 20, 1854) he wrote: "General Buller and Glyn and myself escaped unhurt tho' the men and officers of our Brigade fell about us in all directions..." and describes how the Russians "... had a river in their front and the high ground on which they placed their guns..." in crossing the river we lost many men and on the opposite side we had to charge and take an embankment with guns charged with grape shot..."

I can't say how much, but it was very long, waiting to see if any would return. Horses without riders, galloped back in numbers, and men wounded on foot and men not hurt, but their horses killed, returned on foot, and then we saw a horse or a man fall, who wounded, had come as far home as he could through a line of Cossacks, who had reformed to interrupt

their retreat, and then another larger body came in sight from the middle of the smoke and dust. 200 men! They were all that returned of 600 odd that charged."

On October 29 Clifford wrote a further account of the Charge of the Light Brigade: "On my way into Balaclava I met Lord Cardigan. I congratulated his Lordship most heartily on his safe return from leading that awful charge. He gave me full particulars of it, which correspond exactly with what I have written to you about it, except that the written order brought to Lord Lucan by poor Nolan was worded as follows: 'Lord L. will attack with Cavalry, and prevent the English guns in the redoubts being taken away by the enemy.' This order was written at some distance from Lord Lucan, and still greater from the guns and redoubts in question, which were in the hands of the Russians, and no attempt being made by them to carry them off, Lord Cardigan pointed out to Lord L. the position the enemy held, the fact of no attempt being made to carry off the guns, and the distance at which the order had been written, all of which justified his demanding further explanations from Lord Raglan of the vague order sent by Captain Nolan, for it was evident to every officer and man in the Cavalry force, that it was sending men to certain destruction, to order some 600 to charge an army in position of 20,000! Lord Cardigan says he would not have obeyed the order till it was made more clear to him what he was to charge, and if Lord Raglan intended the lives of so many brave soldiers to be thrown away for nothing, as nothing could be gained by it. Lord Lucan then asked poor Nolan 'What was he to charge?' Nolan pointed to the paper and said 'There are your orders—and there is the enemy,' and forgetting his position as a junior officer, and insulting by his conduct Lord Lucan and Lord Cardigan at the head of their men, galloped off in the direction he had pointed, as much as to say 'Come on, I am come to show you the way to lead Cavalry against the enemy!' Lord Cardigan called out to him to stop... when a shell burst between them... Lord L. then gave the order to Lord Cardigan to charge. No one who has seen him and spoken to him out here, but has the highest opinion of him as a soldier and a very brave man, as such he tried to point out the mistake there must have been in such an order, but once that order given, at the head of his brave followers, he moved forward slowly at a trot, for the distance he had to go was about three quarters of a mile; he moved on to what he, and every officer and man with him considered certain death. Shells burst among them, round shot and rifle bullets emptied the saddles—yet on they went at a steady trot, determined to save their energies for the charge. It sounded—and they, a handful of men compared with those who opposed them, rushed forward. Nothing could stand before them. They dashed through the lines of the skirmishers, drove the gunners from their guns, and passed the lines of Russian Cavalry, dealing death wounds on all sides... they halted only when they had no longer an enemy on their front. Then the few that remained turned round and recharged the astonished Russians and fought their way home or fell with honour on the bloody field. Lord Cardigan escaped in the most miraculous manner. He was the only officer who returned, himself and his horse untouched. He had two sabre-cuts through his overalls, and a cannon was fired so close to him that the wind caused by the discharge almost took his horse off its legs—for the first time he left his revolver in camp..."

On October 26, 1854, he described the Charge of the Heavy Brigade, also at Balaclava, in these words: "... The Scots Greys and the Enniskillen Dragoons, advanced in a slow, steady trot towards them, the Russians looked at them as if fascinated, unable to move. The distance between the two Cavalries at last decreased to about 50 yards, and the shrill sound of the trumpet, ordering the charge, first broke the awful silence. Like a shot from a cannon ball our brave fellows went at the astounded enemy like one man... The Russians fled in the greatest disorder, our splendid Cavalry not leaving them till they got under the protection of their artillery..."

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THE CHARGES OF BALACLAVA, IN OUR CONTEMPORARY ILLUSTRATIONS.



"THE ACTION AT BALACLAVA, OCTOBER 25: FIRST CHARGE OF HEAVY CAVALRY." FROM OUR ISSUE OF NOVEMBER 18, 1854, FROM A SKETCH MADE BY OUR ARTIST ON A NEAR-BY HILL.



"THE ACTION AT BALACLAVA—CHARGE OF THE SCOTS GREYS, OCTOBER 25": FROM OUR ISSUE OF NOVEMBER 25, 1854.

THE story of Balaklava, fought on October 25, 1854, is vividly recalled by the illustrations on this page. They form an interesting pendant to the extracts from the letters home of Captain the Hon. Henry Hugh Clifford, an eyewitness, published on our facing page. The Charge of the Heavy Brigade was successful; has been called "one of the great feats of cavalry against cavalry in the history of Europe," and caused the Russians to fly in the greatest disorder. The Charge of the Light Brigade was a supremely gallant and heartrendingly useless action. In our issues of November 18 and 25, 1854, we gave illustrations of the two charges, and an account of the battle, as well as an extract from a letter by an officer who took part in the Charge of the Light Brigade. He wrote: "I do not think that one man flinched in the whole Brigade—though everyone allows that so hot a fire was hardly ever seen . . ."; and continues: "There is no concealing the thing: the Light Brigade was greatly damaged and for nothing." Captain Nolan, whose portrait was published in our issue of November 25, 1854, was the A.D.C. to General Airey, and brought the order to Lord Lucan. His incorrect action in pointing to the enemy and galloping off before Lord Cardigan is discussed by Clifford, who heard Lord Cardigan's account shortly after the charge had taken place. Nolan was hit in the breast by the first shell that burst, and killed.

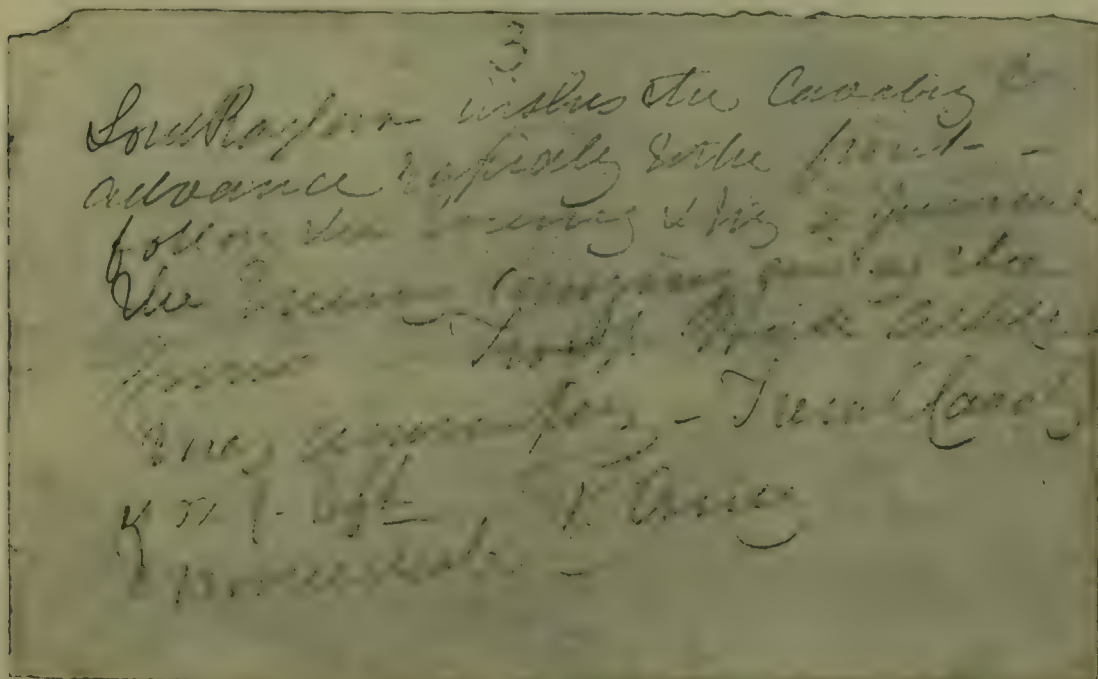
The photograph of the original order for the charge, deposited at the Royal United Service Museum by the sixth Earl of Lucan, is reproduced by permission of the Earl of Lucan, M.C.



"THE LIGHT CAVALRY CHARGE AT BALACLAVA"—AS DEPICTED IN "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" OF NOVEMBER 18, 1854.

(LEFT.) THE ORDER WHICH RESULTED IN THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE: "LORD RAGLAN WISHES THE CAVALRY TO ADVANCE RAPIDLY TO THE FRONT, FOLLOW THE ENEMY AND TRY TO PREVENT THE ENEMY CARRYING AWAY THE GUNS. TROOP HORSE ARTILLERY MAY ACCOMPANY. FRENCH CAVALRY IS ON YOUR LEFT. IMMEDIATE. R. AIREY."

(RIGHT.) GENERAL AIREY'S A.D.C., WHO CARRIED LORD RAGLAN'S ORDER TO CHARGE TO LORD LUCAN, AND WAS KILLED BY THE FIRST SHELL: CAPTAIN LEWIS EDWARD NOLAN, WHOSE IMPROPER ACTION IN GALLOPING OFF ANGERED LORD CARDIGAN.



IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

MY first experience of growing cucumbers, nearly fifty years ago, was an enormous success. Seventy-four excellent cucumbers—and one little one—for an

initial outlay of a penny. My technique for such astonishing results was simplicity itself. I bought a packet of seed of a cucumber called "Cut and Come Again" from the famous firm which first specialised in Penny Packets. It contained two seeds. These I handed over to my mother's gardener, a pleasant young man whose enthusiasm was only exceeded by his industry, his industry by his ignorance, and his ignorance by mine. But when a seedsman not only sells you two cucumber seeds for a penny, but, in addition, tells you in simple language on the packet exactly how to grow the things, there is surely no excuse for failure.

Both seeds came up, and were grown in a two-light frame. The instructions on the packet were carried out faithfully, more or less, and results exceeded even what had been suggested in the catalogue description of "Cut and Come Again."

Nearly fifty years ago. To be precise it was forty-eight. A long time you may think; long enough for distance to lend enchantment, or exaggeration, to memory. So, too, was 1066 a long time ago. I am as clear about those seventy-four cucumbers—and one little one—as I am about 1066. In fact, clearer. I kept a careful record and helped to eat most of them, but as far as I am concerned, 1066 is mere hearsay, or parrot-say. Cucumber "Cut and Come Again" is still offered by the same firm, and the price is still reasonable—sixpence for three seeds: 222 cucumbers—and three little ones thrown in for good measure—all for sixpence, if you are as lucky as I was, is not ruinous.

Since that surprising far-distant success, I have grown a number of different varieties of cucumber, but never my friend "Cut and Come Again." Which is odd. Why this neglect I could not say, except that life—and I—are like that.

The outdoor ridge cucumbers are easy to grow, and uncommonly good value. Usually, too, they are so prolific that production exceeds household family demand for the fresh raw article, in which happy event it is worth experimenting with them cooked, according to one or other of the recipes given in some of the more interesting cook-books. Cooked cucumbers which I ate years ago at a country-house luncheon were one of the most memorable vegetable dishes I ever encountered. Alas, I failed to get the recipe. My own fault. My hostess was immensely rich, and a prize snob. She made a bad start by introducing me to her other guests as Colonel Elliott, knowing perfectly well that I was nothing of the sort. I nailed that one to the counter right away, by explaining that I was not a colonel, not even a brigadier; but just a plain, sweaty gardener. Her cross between a wince and a shudder at the ungentle word "sweaty" was a joy. But the cooked cucumber. It must, I think, have been braised in some subtle savoury way. It had miraculously missed going watery, and had somehow acquired a nutty texture. Almost it compensated for the hateful atmosphere.

I asked my hostess if she could tell me on what day of the week her cook had her evening out—I would so like to take her to the pictures in the hope of wheedling from her the recipe for that cucumber dish. That, of course, could have been taken in one of two ways; as a sincere, if jesting, compliment to sheer culinary genius, or in dull, deadly, literal stupidity. I

CUCUMBERS.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

gambled on the latter, and it came off. I noticed, as he hurried from the room to recover, that only the butler rumbled both me—and his mistress.

My favourite among all the varieties of cucumber that I ever tried is the so-called apple cucumber. Seeds of this were sent to me by a correspondent when I was running my Six Hills nursery and seed business at Stevenage, and for years we sold apple cucumber seed, as a speciality. But we did not sell them like "Cut and Come Again" cucumber seeds, or biblical sparrows, at two for a penny.

How or why it came to be called apple cucumber I can not imagine. It is not apple-shaped. In shape and

indigestible if you eat them skins and all. With the apple cucumber one is spared the penance of eating the rind—it is far too parchement-tough. But I have eaten quantities of them peeled, and have never been irked in any way.

This year I sowed a few apple cucumber seeds in a 12-in. pan. They were, I think, left-overs from a last year's packet. Only two came up, so I grew them on, undisturbed, in their pan, and trained them up strings just under the glass in one corner of my unheated greenhouse. They got away to a late start, and developing slowly—for cucumber plants—spared us the irony of a crop during the arctic rigours of July and August. Who wants to munch cucumbers with chattering teeth? But we have enjoyed a pleasant and welcome little crop during the Indian Summer of late September and October. The apple cucumber may be grown either in the greenhouse, in a cold frame, or in the open as ridge cucumbers are grown; and I have no doubt they would flourish exceedingly under cloches.

The sex life of the ordinary green truncheon cucumber under cultivation is curiously negative. The plant produces wholly male pollen-bearing flowers, and wholly female flowers which produce the cucumbers. The two are quite easy to distinguish from one another. It is of the utmost importance that the female flowers should *not* be pollinated. To prevent this, two courses are open to the cultivator. Either he can go carefully over his plants and remove all male flowers at sight, or he can cover all the ventilation apertures in the greenhouse with the fine wire gauze which is used for meat-safes, and so exclude

all bees and other insect *agents provocateurs* who might distribute pollen from flower to flower. If perchance a female flower should become pollinated, the resulting cucumber will soon show unmistakable signs of the lapse. It will develop an ugly tell-tale bulge at its further end, and it will become intensely bitter to taste, and a ruined, embittered cucumber is useless for table purposes.

With melons things are quite otherwise. It is important that the flowers be pollinated. Some years ago John Nash wrote and told me that he was busy making line drawings to illustrate a new edition of Cobbett's "Rural Rides." At once my mind recalled a little word picture in "Rural Rides," and I suggested that it was one of the things that he really ought to illustrate. Let me quote. It is dated "Saint Albans, 19 June 1822," and Cobbett is discussing the haymaking. "It is curious to observe how the different labours are divided as to the *nations*. The mowers are all *English*; the haymakers all *Irish*. The Scotchmen toil hard enough in Scotland; but when they go from home it is not to *work*, if you please. They are found in gardens, and especially in gentlemen's gardens. Tying up flowers, picking dead leaves off exotics, peeping into melon frames, publishing the banns of marriage between the 'male' and 'female' blossoms, and tap-tapping against a wall with a hammer that weighs half-an-ounce." John Nash made a drawing of this scene, which for some reason or other was never used. Later he gave it to me. To revert to cucumbers for a moment. The pollinating of the

flowers of ridge and apple cucumbers does not appear to affect their flavour. No precautions seem to be necessary to exclude bees, and only very occasionally have I found apple cucumbers slightly bitter; and that, I think, was due to their having become a little too mature.



"THE MOST DELICATE AND DELICIOUS FORM OF CUCUMBER THAT EXISTS, WITH THE TRUE, COOL, REFRESHING CUCUMBER FLAVOUR": APPLE CUCUMBERS, EACH ABOUT THE SIZE OF A HEN'S EGG, PALE GREENISH-YELLOW IN COLOUR, FRECKLED WITH GREEN AND SLIGHTLY BRISTLY TO THE TOUCH.

size it is far nearer a hen's egg. In fact, it is the exact size of a hen's egg. That is to say, it varies within just about the same limits of size. Its skin is pale yellow. Peel it, and you have the most delicate and delicious form of cucumber that exists, with the true, cool, refreshing cucumber flavour. The texture



"THEY ARE FOUND IN GARDENS, AND ESPECIALLY IN GENTLEMEN'S GARDENS. TYING UP FLOWERS, PICKING DEAD LEAVES OFF EXOTICS, PEEPING INTO MELON FRAMES": COBBETT'S IDEA OF THE SCOTCH HEAD GARDENER, ILLUSTRATED IN A HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED DRAWING BY MR. JOHN NASH, R.A., NOW IN MR. ELLIOTT'S POSSESSION.

is far more tender than that of the green truncheon cucumber of commerce, and very much more juicy. It has been said—and I believe there is truth in it—that the apple cucumber does not irk even the most fussy digestion. It is often said, and by some even believed, that normal, long, green cucumbers are not



READY TO BE DEDICATED: THE SACRED HEART CATHEDRAL AT NEWARK, NEW JERSEY, U.S.A., SHOWING THE APSE, WITH SIDE CHAPELS AND COPPER-COATED SPIRE.



VISIBLE FROM THE TOP OF NEW YORK'S EMPIRE STATE BUILDING, SOME FIFTEEN MILES AWAY: NEWARK CATHEDRAL'S TWIN 225-FT. TOWERS.



MOST OF THE BEAUTIFUL MARBLE WORK FOR THE INTERIOR, SHOWN ABOVE PRIOR TO 1951, WAS CARRIED OUT IN ITALY AND SENT BY SHIPS TO AMERICA.



BUILT OF MASSIVE, GREY NEW HAMPSHIRE GRANITE: THE NEO-GOTHIC CATHEDRAL, SHOWING THE SUPERB ROSE WINDOW OVER THE WEST DOOR.

A MAGNIFICENT NEW CATHEDRAL FOR THE U.S.A.: THE SACRED HEART CATHEDRAL AT NEWARK, NEW JERSEY.

The Archdiocese of Newark, New Jersey, a See that adjoins New York, at the time of writing, is ready to dedicate a new cathedral which has been under construction for over fifty years. In its completed state this beautiful building represents the most expensive church yet to be erected by Roman Catholics in the U.S.A.—the total cost being little short of 8,000,000 dollars (nearly £3,000,000). Built of massive, grey New Hampshire granite, the neo-Gothic cathedral, dedicated to the Sacred Heart, has an overall length of 330 ft., a transept width of 150 ft. and an internal height of 92 ft. The twin towers

are 225 ft. high and the copper-coated spire, adorned with four huge statues, rises to a height of 265 ft. All the latest systems of lighting, heating, ventilation and broadcasting have been installed, platforms for television have been provided; and electric lifts will be able to carry people to the tower, with its fourteen bronze bells, cast in Padua in 1953. The organ is placed in the triforium of the east end, with the console in a special tribune on the ambulatory floor. The architect for the original design was Jeremiah O'Rourke, who came to the United States from Dublin in 1856, and who died in 1915.

AT THE NEST AND ON THE WING: STRIKING STUDIES OF SOME OF THE BIRDS OF MALAYA.



BELONGING TO THE CROW FAMILY: THE JET-BLACK LARGE RACKET-TAILED DRONGO OF MALAYA (*DISSEMURUS PARADISEUS PLATURUS*), WHICH BUILDS A HUMMOCK-SHAPED NEST SOME TWENTY TO THIRTY FEET OFF THE GROUND.

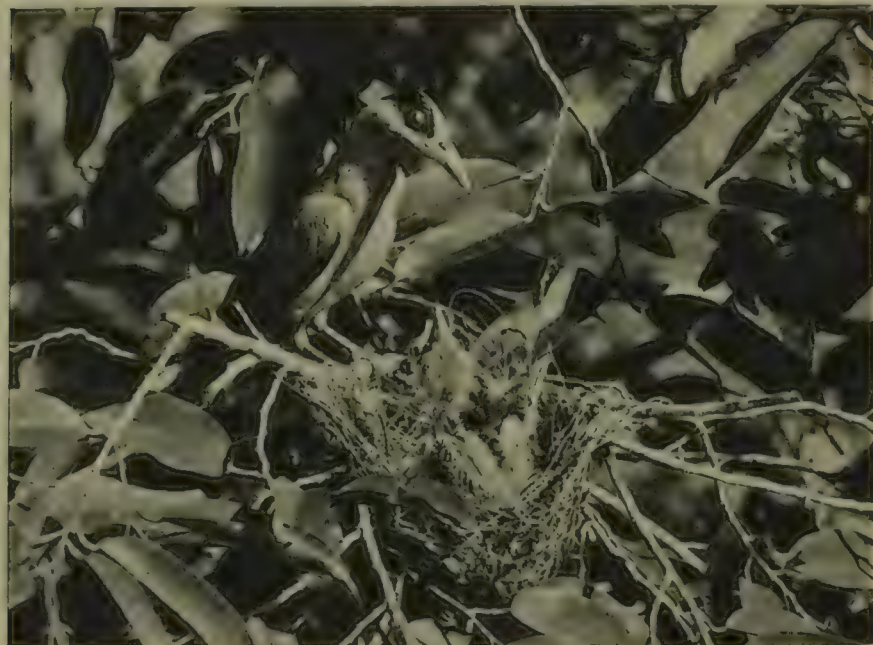


PHOTOGRAPHED AT 1:3000 SEC. WITH A SPEEDFLASH: THE BLUETHROATED BEE-EATER OF MALAYA (*MEROPS VIRIDIS VIRIDIS*) APPROACHING ITS TUNNEL NEST IN THE GROUND.

Since the middle of the summer we have published a number of remarkable bird photographs taken by Mr. Loke Wan Tho, of Singapore, our last photograph by him, showing the ingenious Longtailed tailor-bird of Malaya, appeared in our issue of October 23. On this page we reproduce some more of his bird studies. The jet-black Large Racket-tailed Drongo (*Dissemurus paradiseus platurus*) shown above (top, left) builds its hummock-shaped nest some 20 ft. to 30 ft. off the ground. This bird, belonging to the Crow family, is about the size of the English mistle-thrush, but with greatly elongated tail-feathers. It is very daring in defence of its nest.



AT ITS NEST—A DOMED STRUCTURE PLACED ON THE GROUND: THE MALAY PIPIT (*ANTHUS NOVAESEELANDIÆ MALAYENSIS*), WHICH IS BROWN MARKED WITH NEAR BLACK.



PHOTOGRAPHED AT THE MOMENT WHEN IT HAD DRAWN THE NICTITATING MEMBRANE ACROSS ITS EYES: THE BLACKNAPED ORIOLE OF MALAYA (*ORIOLOUS CHINENSIS MACULATUS*), WHICH BUILDS A HUMMOCK-SHAPED NEST.



NESTING IN A LIVE NEST OF TERMITES ON SINGAPORE ISLAND: THE HANDSOME WHITE-COLLARED KINGFISHER OF MALAYA (*HALCYON CHLORIS*).

The Blacknaped Oriole (*Oriolus chinensis maculatus*) is another bird which builds a hummock-shaped nest. The nest shown in the photograph (centre, right) was placed some 30 ft. off the ground in a Durian tree (*Durio zibethinus*). The bird is a handsome yellow colour, with a broad black band through the eye and black on the wings. It is related to the Golden Oriole of Europe, and is about the size of the English mistle-thrush. These birds stay well-concealed in the foliage, chiefly in tree-tops, and their presence is usually revealed only by their melodious, flute-like call. They also have a harsh anger note.

BIRD-WATCHING WITH MR. LOKE: CAMERA STUDIES FROM MALAYA.



A SPECIES IN WHICH THE HEN IS POLYANDROUS: THE BUSTARD QUAIL OF MALAYA (*TURNIX SUSCITATOR ATROGULARIS*) SEEN ON THE NEST.

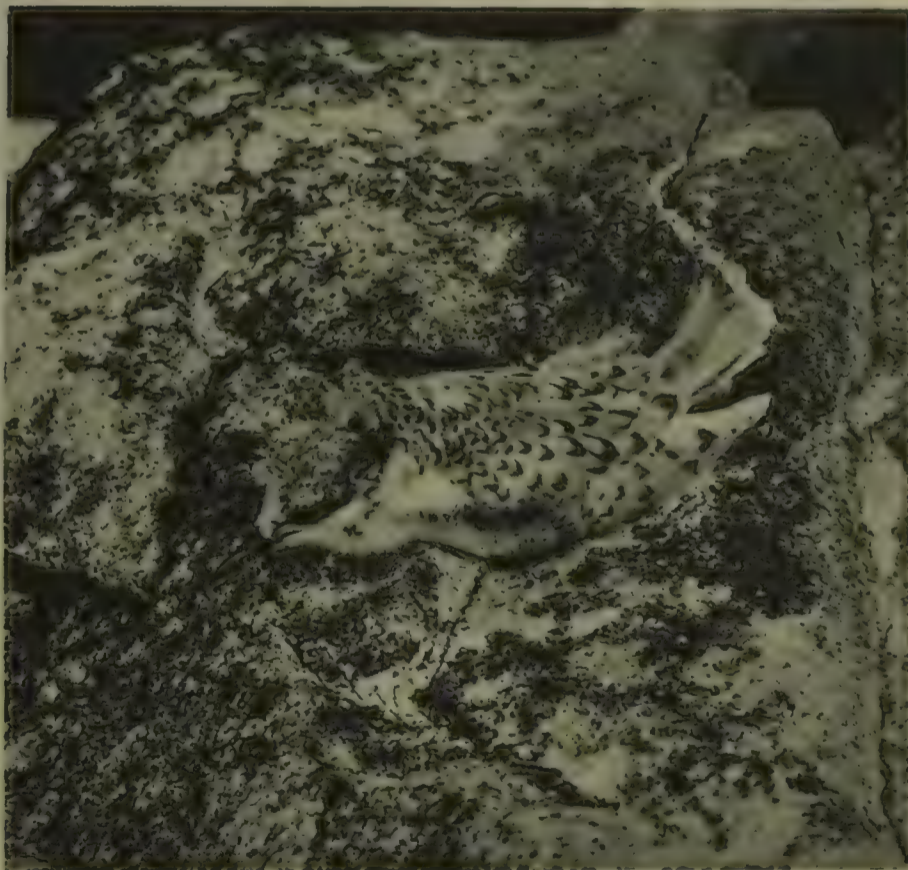


ABOUT THE SIZE OF THE BRITISH WILLOW-WARBLER: THE YELLOW-BELLIED WREN-WARBLER OF MALAYA (*PRINIA FLAVIVENTRIS RAFFLESII*), WHICH HAS A LONG, FLOPPY TAIL.



ADJUDGED THE BEST NATURE PHOTOGRAPH IN THE MYSORE NATURE EXHIBITION, 1952: THE YELLOW-VENTED BULBUL (*PYCNONOTUS GOIAVIER PERSONATUS*), WHICH IS ONE OF THE MOST COMMON BIRDS OF SINGAPORE.

The four bird studies on this page are by Mr. Loke Wan Tho, of Singapore, who also took the photographs which appear on the facing page. One of these photographs (lower left) was taken, in Mr. Loke's words, "with a mixture of sunlight and speed-flash," and shows the Yellow-vented Bulbul (*Pycnonotus goiavier personatus*), one of the most common birds of Singapore, whose cheerful, rattling call is a typical sound in the gardens there. This fine photograph, which has won a number of awards in photographic exhibitions and was adjudged the best nature photograph in the Mysore Nature Exhibition in 1952, shows the bird at its nest in a wild cinnamon bush. The bird is about the size of the English starling.



A REMARKABLE EXAMPLE OF NATURAL CAMOUFLAGE: THE YOUNG BLACK-NAPED TERN OF SINGAPORE, SHOWING ITS PROTECTIVE COLORATION, WHICH MAKES IT ALMOST INDISTINGUISHABLE FROM THE ROCKS ON WHICH IT IS CROUCHING.

The Yellow-bellied Wren-warbler (*Prinia flaviventris rafflesii*), which is shown above (top right), is about the size of the British willow-warbler, but has a long, floppy tail. Note the canopy above the entrance to its nest. This perky, red-eyed bird is brownish above, with white chin and throat and, as its name implies, a yellow belly. The Bustard Quail (*Turnix suscitator atrogularis*), shown (top left) on its nest amidst dense grasses, is polyandrous, the hen mating with several cocks and leaving her spouses to hatch the several clutches of eggs. The young Black-naped Tern (lower right) was photographed by Mr. Loke in Singapore, and so remarkable is its protective coloration that it is barely distinguishable from its surroundings.

AN early Flemish painting, one of the few works by Jan van Eyck (d. 1441) which can be definitely dated, has been acquired by the Frick Collection, New York, and was due to be put on view in the Enamel Room of the Collection on October 24. It is "The Virgin and Child with Saints and a Carthusian Donor," commissioned in 1441 by Jan Vos, Prior of a Carthusian monastery near Bruges. Following the death of Jan van Eyck, the painting was completed by Petrus Christus (c. 1400-1475) and dedicated on September 3, 1443, by a visiting bishop, Martin of Mayo, Ireland. Jan Vos, the donor, is represented wearing the white Carthusian habit, kneeling, with Saint Barbara, carrying the martyr's palm, standing behind him; one hand laid on his shoulder. When Prior Vos moved to the Carthusian Monastery of Nieuwlicht, near Utrecht, in 1450, he took the painting with him, and it remained above the Saint Barbara altar of the monastery church until the second half of the sixteenth century. Nothing further is known of its history until it came into the possession of Baron James de Rothschild, Paris. Early this year it was acquired by the Frick Collection from the estate of Baron Robert de Rothschild. It has only once before been publicly exhibited during the last century—at the exhibition of Flemish Art at the Orangerie, Paris, in 1935. The Saint on the right is Saint Elizabeth, holding her triple crown, and the church depicted in the landscape behind her resembles in some respects, and may represent, old St. Paul's, London.

By Courtesy of the Frick Collection, New York.



"THE VIRGIN AND CHILD WITH SAINT BARBARA AND SAINT ELIZABETH AND A CARTHUSIAN DONOR"; BY JAN VAN EYCK AND PETRUS CHRISTUS. THE CHURCH (BACKGROUND, RIGHT), WHICH IN SOME RESPECTS RESEMBLES OLD ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, MAY REPRESENT IT. SOME AUTHORITIES HOLD THAT IT WAS PAINTED AFTER A DRAWING (NOW LOST) MADE WHEN VAN EYCK VISITED ENGLAND IN 1428-29.



WITH, BEHIND HER, A GOTHIC TOWER, SYMBOLISING HER MARTYRDOM: SAINT BARBARA WITH PRIOR JAN VOS, WHO WEARS THE WHITE CARTHUSIAN HABIT. (DETAIL OF THE PAINTING.)



SHOWING (BACKGROUND, RIGHT) A CHURCH BELIEVED TO REPRESENT OLD ST. PAUL'S, LONDON: THE FIGURE OF ST. ELIZABETH, WITH HER TRIPLE CROWN. (DETAIL.)

A GREAT PAINTING BY JAN VAN EYCK AND PETRUS CHRISTUS; ACQUIRED BY THE FRICK COLLECTION, NEW YORK.



I AM sure the Greeks had a word for it—an essentially simple people, for all their subtlety—for they thought the world of Apelles, not because of the nobility of his compositions or his power of interpreting the ways of God to man or his vision of the ultimate realities, but because, you will remember, he painted a vine with such meticulous accuracy that the birds themselves were deceived and swooped down to eat the grapes. He is surely the patron of all *Trompe-l'Œil*, of all eye-cheating painters, whose ingenious, amusing and agreeable low-brow activities are the subject of an exhibition at the Graves Art Gallery, Sheffield, believed to be the first of its kind to be held in this country. The intention of every conjurer of this sort worthy of the name is to provide the spectator with the nursery thrill of, shall we say, looking at a painting of a banknote and believing that he is actually looking at a real one. It's as simple as that, a pure parlour trick, demanding very great skill and the pleasure of accurate draughtsmanship for its own sake. In some cases you find yourself going up to the picture and touching the canvas to make quite sure that what you see is paint on canvas and not a piece of wood with its grain and roughness; in other cases you peer closely before you can decide whether the thing before you is a painting and not some newspapers or banknotes folded one over the other and stuck to the background—what the French would call a *collage*. Indeed, I'm inclined to think that the most impressive pieces in the show are just those apparently haphazard collections of portions of magazines and newspapers and envelopes of various periods—unpretentious they may be, but



"GOURMANDISE"; BY GABRIEL GRESLY (1712-1756).
(Oil on canvas; 23 by 19 ins. Signed.)
This work, in common with the others reproduced on our page, is on view at "The Eye Deceived" Exhibition of *Trompe-l'Œil* pictures at the Graves Art Gallery, Sheffield, which has just opened and will continue until November 14. [Lent by the Trustees of the Cooper Art Gallery, Barnsley.]

they are astonishing examples of accurate, photographic drawing, and if you begin to wonder whether so much labour over so small a joke was really worth while, that merely proves you to be in the wrong mood for half-an-hour's relaxation from the serious things of life. Among several modern pieces is one which must have given a great deal of fun to its owner—a rather complicated jest which for obvious reasons can only be shown at the exhibition by means of photographs. Apparently Lord Courtauld-Thomson has a cabinet of china and glass on one side of his fireplace and an eye-deceiving painting of a similar cabinet containing similar, though not identical, items on the other—and it is extremely difficult to detect which is which without a close examination. It becomes at times a nice imaginative exercise to decide just where this simple deceptive craft ends and grows into art. A greenhouse view by Mr. Stanley Spencer lent by the Ferens Art Gallery, Hull—an open door with a string of onions hanging—seems to me to

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. THE EYE DECEIVED.

By FRANK DAVIS.

have nothing of the conjuring trick about it—I don't want to try to pick the onions off their peg; I want to enjoy not the onions, but what Mr. Spencer has to say about them, and his way of suggesting the light and air surrounding them; but there is a violin or two (these painters are fond of violins) I am tempted to handle, notably, of course, the violin in the picture from Chatsworth reproduced in colour in these pages in the issue of September 25, 1954.

This is a painting on canvas of a door on which hangs a violin—and the canvas is stuck on to an



"MAGAZINES, LETTERS AND DRAWINGS"; BY DAVID PAYNE [1843-1894], DATED 1877. (Watercolour; 21½ by 18½ ins.)
In this example of a *Trompe-l'Œil* picture the eye is successfully deceived. The painter has not only included the cover of *Punch* and a front page of *The Illustrated London News*, but letters addressed to himself, one at the Sheffield house of Mr. Addy, where he once lived, and whose daughter he married. [Lent by Mr. Ernest I. Musgrave.]

actual door. The illusion is remarkable, as all who have visited Chatsworth or this exhibition will bear witness. What they may not have noticed is that one thing in this painting by J. Van Der Vaart (1647-1721) is solid—the metal peg upon which the painted violin appears to be hanging.

Ignoring the precedent set by Apelles, who must surely be the greatest of all exponents of these pretty devices, for he deceived not merely men (a comparatively easy task), but the birds, serious painters have not unnaturally been little given to playfulness of this kind, but the National Gallery has lent an engaging example from the brush of that divine simpleton Carlo Crivelli (1430-1495), wherein St. Catherine of Alexandria and St. Mary Magdalene stand in marble niches; one of the side columns is broken, on the other a fly is painted so near to life that one's immediate reaction is to brush it off. But does this really—I ask myself—belong to the light-hearted category we are discussing? I should have thought that both fly and broken column were deliberately put into so serious a picture for serious reasons—that is, as symbols of corruption and decay. The contemporaries

of Crivelli would, I believe, have no difficulty in interpreting the picture in this way, and would be surprised to find it in this exhibition. As I'm being pernickety, I doubt also whether two beautiful little beetles in water-colours on vellum by Pierre Joseph Redouté ought to have crept in; this exquisite painter of flowers and roses (especially roses) was an indefatigable student and when he painted plant or insect, he did it without any intention of playing a trick on us; Redouté's beetles look like beetles for impeccably scientific reasons.

To be yet more pernickety I would have liked more of those favourites of Dutch and Flemish painters—the still-lives, especially of flowers, in which, out of sheer virtuosity allied to good humour, their authors were in the habit of introducing a butterfly or a house-fly; you accept the flowers as painted flowers, but occasionally are in two minds as to the insects. A large "Perspective of a Hall," by Samuel Van Hoogstraeten, lent by Lord De L'Isle and Dudley, is a good example of a seventeenth-century architectural fantasy which, if placed, as presumably was originally intended, at the end of a long corridor, would lead the eye past column after column, arch after arch, into a vanishing distance. In addition to the painted violin from Chatsworth there are other things from the same marvellous house, not in the least deceptive—e.g., a Grinling Gibbons carving, and the jewelled drinking-cup known as "The Kniphausen Hawk"—but when all is said and done you will probably find yourself going back again and again to the unpretentious absurdities of unknown, or nearly unknown, men, rather than bothering about greater names; the ingenious Mr. David Payne, for example, with his arrangement of *Punch*, *The Illustrated London News* and a few envelopes of 1877. No possible argument in this case as to the identity of the painter, for the envelopes are addressed to him, and he has signed the little scene on the top left-hand corner.

As with several English, French and Russian painters of similar arrangements, which seem to have been popular exercises during the nineteenth century, there's no nonsense about art—just uncommonly good craftsmanship—and they generally manage to conceal their names in some corner or other not as an obvious signature, but as part of the design. One exhibit is ridiculously naïve—apparently an arrangement of



"STILL LIFE"; BY EDWART COLLIER (COLYER) (D. 1702), AN EXAMPLE OF PAINTING INTENDED TO DECEIVE THE EYE.

Oil on canvas; 18½ by 23 ins.

"... I'm inclined to think that the most impressive pieces in the show ["The Eye Deceived" Exhibition at the Graves Art Gallery, Sheffield] are just those apparently haphazard collections of portions of magazines and newspapers and envelopes... unpretentious they may be, but they are astonishing examples of accurate photographic drawing..." [Lent by Mr. Charles J. Robertson.]

FOR CHRISTMAS AND THE NEW YEAR.

A gift that gives pleasure throughout the year is surely the ideal choice when considering the shopping list for this Christmas and New Year. Fifty-two copies of "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," together with the magnificent Christmas Number, will make 1955 a year full of interest for friends and relations at home and overseas.

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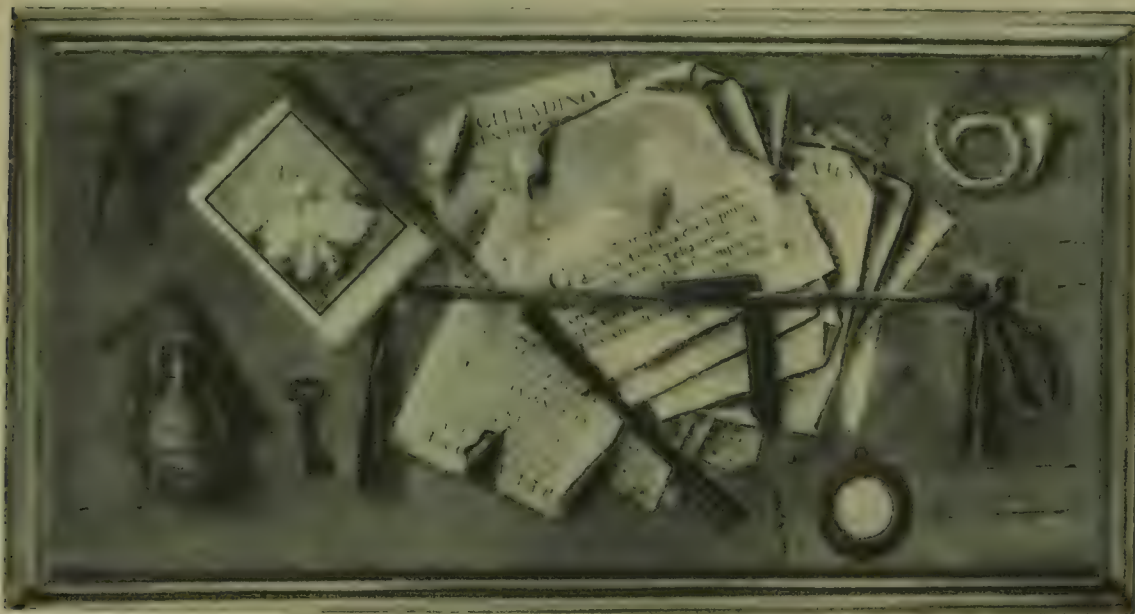
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cards, each one of which enshrines a riddle (inseparable from a Victorian parlour game), each riddle absurdly exasperating; I remember two and wish I could forget them. "How do you spell Archipelago in three letters?" and "Why was Napoleon, after conquering the Spanish provinces, like Adam and Eve?" I haven't a clue, and wake up every morning kicking myself. Among the earlier painters were three about whom I was wholly ignorant. One was N. L. Peschier, represented by a still-life dated 1659—Dutch or Flemish, I suppose; a painter of quality, obviously, whose work presumably often passes under greater names. The other two were English, Gabriel Gresly (1712-1756), and a particularly engaging man named Edwart Collier (died 1702)—both uncomplicated characters and good craftsmen.

THE SKILFUL PRACTICE OF DECEIT IN A SHEFFIELD EXHIBITION: SOME PAINTINGS WHICH CHEAT THE EYE.



"STILL LIFE"; BY AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY ARTIST, INSCRIBED AND DATED 1767.
(Oil on canvas; 19½ by 39½ ins.) (Lent by Mr. Herman Schrijver.)



"UN VOLEUR DE CERISES PUNI" (THE CHERRY THIEF PUNISHED); BY F. FIMMERS, PAINTED C. 1860. SIGNED.
(Oil on canvas; 14 by 11 ins.) (Lent by Mr. Martin Ballersby.)



"GRANDE TENUE" (FULL DRESS); BY LUCIEN MATHELIN. SIGNED AND DATED 1954 (ON BACK).
(Oil on canvas; 19½ by 39½ ins.) (Lent by Arthur Jeffress [Pictures].)



"A CUPBOARD"; BY FRANCISCUS GYSBRECHTS (ACTIVE, LEYDEN, C. 1674).
(Oil on canvas; 39 by 47 ins.) (Lent by Mrs. C. Frank.)

"THE EYE DECEIVED" is the title under which Dr. Seddon has arranged an extremely interesting and amusing exhibition of *Trompe-l'Œil* paintings, drawings and objects in the Graves Art Gallery, Sheffield, of which he is the director. On the preceding page, Mr. Frank Davis discusses the exhibition; and on this and the facing page we give a number of reproductions of exhibits from the display, which opened on October 16 and is to continue until November 14. The expression *Trompe-l'Œil* means "cheat the eye," and that is the acknowledged aim of all artists who practise this particular form of painting, and sometimes

[Continued below.]



"STILL LIFE"; BY PARKIN. SIGNED.
(Oil on canvas; 28½ by 22½ ins.) (Lent by Mr. Ronald A. Lee.)



"STILL LIFE"; BY N. L. PESCHIER. SIGNED AND DATED 1659.
(Oil on canvas; 25 by 33½ ins.) (Lent by Mr. Claude D. Rotch.)

Continued.]

Dr. Seddon points out in the introduction to the Sheffield exhibition catalogue that it has never been held at any time that *Trompe-l'Œil* art is of a high order among artistic creations, but, he writes, "In the present exhibition there are few, if any, examples of which it can be said that, whilst deliberately aiming to deceive the eye, they do not, at the same time, offer something of a more profound artistic appeal than this alone. Of every example included, however, it can be held that the deception of the eye by trickery in perspective, tonal subtleties and control of colour, offers, in addition to higher qualities, the entertainment of sheer virtuosity." It will be recalled that in our issue of September 25 we reproduced in colour the celebrated painting from Chatsworth of a violin and a bow on a simulated door whose panels form part of the *Trompe-l'Œil* effect. This work

by Van Der Vaart has been lent to the current exhibition, and it is interesting to note that the eye is so completely deceived that few people realise on looking at it that, though the ribbon knot which holds the instrument is painted, the metal peg from which it hangs is real. Some of the works on view at Sheffield date from the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; others from the nineteenth, and there are one or two, like the painting of harness, stable equipment and drawings of horses, by Lucien Mathelin, which are of contemporary date. The most convincing subjects are perhaps compositions consisting of a representation of oddments—papers, old letters, pens, and so forth, stuck in a rack. These at times tempt visitors to stretch out a probing finger and see if they can pull off a piece of paper or lift a pen, as they can hardly believe that the objects are only represented in paint.

"THE EYE DECEIVED": 3-D PICTURES DESIGNED TO TRICK THE VIEWER.



"VIOLIN HANGING ON A WALL"; BY GEORGES BECKER (B. PARIS 1845-1846?). SIGNED AND DATED 1911. (Oil on canvas; 30 by 20 ins.) (Lent by Mrs. Larry Adler.)



"THE OLD CUPBOARD DOOR"; BY W. M. HARNETT (1848-1892). SIGNED AND DATED 1889. (Oil on canvas; 61 by 40½ ins.) Sheffield City Art Galleries Collection (H. Andrews Bequest).



CAN YOU TELL WHICH ILLUSTRATION SHOWS THE PAINTING OF A CHINA CABINET AND WHICH THE RECONSTRUCTION OF A SIMILAR SETTING WITH ACTUAL CHINA? PHOTOGRAPHS ILLUSTRATING A REMARKABLE EXAMPLE OF TROMPE-L'ŒIL PAINTING. By permission of Lord Courtauld-Thomson, K.B.E., C.B. (Photographs by "Country Life.")

On this page we give two excellent examples of *Trompe-l'Œil* paintings of violins (always favourite subjects for artists who paint three-dimensional pictures) and other objects, on view at "The Eye Deceived" Exhibition at the Graves Art Gallery, Sheffield; and two photographs, also included in the exhibition, which illustrate a *Trompe-l'Œil* painting of a cabinet of china and glass in Lord Courtauld-Thomson's house, and a reconstruction of a

similar setting with actual china and glass of a similar kind which has been arranged to form a pair with the painting. The two photographs are on view at the Sheffield exhibition, with no indication as to which is the real and which the painted cabinet. If our readers can readily decide which is which they can congratulate themselves. For their information, the left hand photograph shows the painting; the right hand the cabinet.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

NAVARRE AND MONTMARTRE.

By J. C. TREWIN.

IN the Royal Park of Navarre wit has been flashing across the lawns. The King and his courtiers (in the "little academe" that seems to be a rival of Princess Ida's) and the ladies of the Princess of France, with "honey-tongued Boyet" as go-between, have faced each other cheerfully; the "frozen Muscovites" have been repelled; and the repartee has flicked back and forth until the lawns have seemed to be alive with many-streaked butterfly-wings, skimming and darting. Then, at rest for a moment, the Court parties have joined to turn their wit (not Shakespeare at his most gallant) upon the masquers of the Nine Worthies, much as Theseus and the lovers of Athens used Quince's amateurs for their mirth.

Then—and I take the sequence from the present Old Vic revival—Armado, the "fantastical Spaniard," and Costard, the clown, who have been the Hector and the Pompey of the masquing, face each other suddenly in ridiculous conflict. Costard, with a huff-and-a-puff, blows poor Armado to the ground. It is a preposterous moment. And, all at once, the sunlight dims, the April-green glades slip into a cold shadow. From the back, dressed richly in the purple of mourning, the French messenger, Mercade, comes forward to the Princess. The light and the life have ebbed from the day. "Welcome, Mercade," the Princess says, as one expecting the worst, "but that thou interrupt'st our merriment." And Mercade delivers his message:

I am sorry, Madam; for the news I bring
Is heavy in my tongue. The King your father . . .

"Dead, for my life!" breaks in the Princess. "Even so," answers Mercade. "My tale is told." He vanishes again while Berowne is exclaiming "The scene begins to cloud." It is a tiny part, one of four lines only, and yet its actor has a chance of impressing himself

revival—as Boyet, and Laurence Hardy, now at the Vic, as Holofernes.

But who for Berowne? Who for the "merry madcap lord," with his great aria, "Have at you, then, affection's men-at-arms!", addressed to the other three "woodcocks on a dish"? It is a high salute to John Neville (at the Vic) to say that, in memory, I shall hear his voice and that of Michael Redgrave (1949) fighting each other in every phrase. I am not sure that the epithets "merry" and "madcap" suit either of them. But each has the voice and the lyric sense; and, from the moment that Mr. Neville spoke at the Vic première, we felt the verse would not be tossed away. Recently we have suffered a lot from the under-speaking of Shakespeare, and it is a joy to know that there are such players as Mr. Neville to soothe our fretting, to allow us to hear the sound of "bright Apollo's lute."

The other shining performance at the Vic is not by a speaker of verse. Laurence Hardy is Holofernes, the pedant, so well described in his own comment on Armado, "His humour is lofty, his discourse peremptory . . . his gait majestic, and his general behaviour vain, ridiculous and thrasonical." Mr. Hardy has the precise air of complacent dogmatism; he flattens out opposition like a garden-roller on damp turf; and he has a plump relish in word and phrase, in what Nathaniel (the present

Nathaniel is rather too much like Verges) calls "a most singular and choice epithet." Hear him as he composes "the pretyl Princess," or as he makes an exit with that gently emphasised bit of Elegant Variation (for this is something at which he is ever a great hand): "Hurry! The gentles are at their game, and we will to our—recreation."

I wish I could be equally delighted by the Armado of that splendid actor, Paul Rogers. The traveller from "tawny Spain"—his name may very well be a Shakespearean reminiscence of the Armada—is uncannily difficult; most of his topical edge has gone. Mr. Rogers, no stranger to the part, is Granville-Barker's "long black barrel of a man, slow-gaited even in talk," but he seems distractingly anxious

about it all, and for me there is often less of Armado in his expression than of his own idea of that Jonsonian madman, Troubleall. It is not until the end when he speaks, to perfection, Armado's famous last line—I doubt if it could be spoken better—that the fantastical Spaniard is truly with us.

For the rest, the revival does very well, though there are no other performances that one would remember as exceptional. One at least seems to me to fail. The Boyet, "honey-tongued," is spoken without verbal resource; we want something—again in a phrase of Holofernes on another matter—more "picked, spruce, peregrinate." But Boyet may grow

as one expects the entire performance to grow when the cast is fully in the mood for its sets, its rallies of wit. At present the relish is uncertain. (One very small point. The King reads Armado's letter

"to the welkin's viceregent." The word should be "vicegerent," a term that would wrap itself more happily around Armado's tongue and pen.)

Still, we realise that the men of Navarre—of whom, next to Berowne, Robert Hardy's Dumaine is the most persuasive—and the ladies of France (Ann Todd, Virginia McKenna's "whitely wanton" Rosaline, Gwen Cherrell, and Eleanore Bryan) have the idea and will presently be executing it to our delight, catching the true rhythms. Frith Banbury is always a director of style: he is near to the heart of this aristocratic comedy. The costumes, by Cecil Beaton, are—in that coyest of words—ravishing; but his settings, those movable, floppy arches and those dull bits of matted yew, are unexpectedly trivial, especially when one recalls the formal beauties of Berkeley Sutcliffe's Navarre (for Hugh Hunt) and the lovely Watteau setting designed by Reginald Leefe for Peter Brook at Stratford. The stage now looks best immediately

upon curtain-rise, when it shines with the fresh green of spring, and, at the last, in the twilight, when—the high day's fooling done—Don Adriano, spoken unforgettably by Paul Rogers, utters his line, "The words of Mercury are harsh after the songs of Apollo. You that way—we this way."

Someone in "Love's Labour's Lost" talks of "a shallow show." That would be praise too high



"FROM THE MOMENT THAT MR. NEVILLE SPOKE AT THE VIC PREMIERE, WE FELT THE VERSE WOULD NOT BE TOSSED AWAY": JOHN NEVILLE, WHO IS TAKING THE PART OF BEROWNE IN THE CURRENT OLD VIC PRODUCTION OF SHAKESPEARE'S "LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST."

Mr. Trewin has high praise on this page for two "shining performances" in "Love's Labour's Lost," at the Old Vic. Of John Neville he says: "... it is a joy to know that there are such players as Mr. Neville to soothe our fretting, to allow us to hear the sound of 'bright Apollo's lute.'"



"THE ENTIRE ACTION TAKES PLACE IN PARIS, 1893": "CAN-CAN" (COLISEUM), WITH SCORE AND LYRICS BY COLE PORTER, SHOWING A SCENE FROM THIS NEW MUSICAL SHOW IN WHICH THE SCULPTOR BORIS-ADZINIZINADZE (ALFRED MARKS) IS COMMENTING ON THE FINE CLOTHES WHICH HIS GIRL FRIEND CLAUDINE (GILLIAN LYNN) HAS ACQUIRED FROM THE ART CRITIC FROM WHOM BORIS IS ALSO HOPING TO REAP A RICH HARVEST.

for ever upon the imagination. Charles Gray, who acts Mercade at the Vic, has certainly impressed himself upon mine, made me ask what life the grave courtier has outside the play, how he fared on his journey to Navarre, on what other embassies he will be sent.

Always something from a "Love's Labour's Lost" revival stays in the record-book. I have seen many productions now since the comedy, within the last twenty years, has grown fashionable and audiences have begun to appreciate the melody and rhythm, the young dramatist's relish in words, three-piled hyperboles, taffeta phrases, silken terms precise. W. Bridges-Adams, Robert Atkins, Peter Brook, Tyrone Guthrie, Hugh Hunt, have all expressed it in various ways. If now I were to cast it ideally, I should take Paul Scofield's Armado from Brook's "Watteau" revival at Stratford—Ernest Milton would be a close runner-up—Margaretta Scott's Rosaline from Guthrie's Vic production of 1936; Miles Malleon, of course, from Hugh Hunt's production, as Nathaniel (I am used to burning and re-burning my boats and calling this the finest performance in classical comedy during our day); Walter Hudd—from the same



ONE OF THE NEW NUMBERS IN THE SUCCESSFUL REVUE "INTIMACY AT 8.30" (CRITERION): "THERE'S AN AWFUL LOT OF COFFEE IN HAY HILL," WITH (L. TO R.) DIGBY WOLFE, AUD JOHANSEN AND KONNIE STEVENS.

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"CAN-CAN" (Coliseum).—"The entire action takes place in Paris, 1893," and Páree of that year cannot have been very gay. Cole Porter—although his song called "I Love Paris" sounds genuine—must have found his love fading as he worked away at the score and lyrics; and it is kinder and wiser not to say much about the book (written by Abe Burrows). Jo Mielziner's setting and lighting take most of one's praise—especially Paris by night from a roof-top—but, after that, one can only ask why so much trouble has been expended on so little: all this elaborate dancing, toiling comedy, all the dreary nothing-in-particular. (October 14.) "LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST" (Old Vic).—The April festival of words that is Shakespeare's early and bewitching comedy of Navarre. There are fine performances by John Neville (a Berowne in tune with the verse) and Laurence Hardy (a majestic pedant as Holofernes), and one or two less good. Frith Banbury's production should slip into its proper rhythm later on. The comedy is dressed beautifully by Cecil Beaton, and set by him in an oddly improvised, almost shoddy manner. (October 19.)

for "Can-Can" (Coliseum), which, at times, almost rivals "Pal Joey" in tastelessness. Cole Porter, the composer of this new musical piece, has written at least one good song; Jo Mielziner, as we know, can set the stage; and, if one must have a comic duellist, George Gee is the man. Most of the rest was lamentable. I said about one character in "Pal Joey" that she was as uplifting as a wet day on a slag-heap. Well, in "Can-Can," though the setting is not Chicago of the late 'thirties but Montmartre in 1893, it is still a very wet day, and it is certainly the same old slag.

PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



SECOND IN THE THREE-DAY EVENT AT BASLE: MAJOR F. WELDON, CAPTAIN OF THE TEAM, ON KILBARRY.



THE INDIVIDUAL WINNER OF THE THREE-DAY EQUESTRIAN EVENT AT BASLE: MR. A. E. HILL ON CRISPIN.



COMPETING IN THE DRESSAGE TEST: MAJOR L. ROOK, ON STARLIGHT XV, WHO WAS THIRD.

Great Britain, led by Major F. Weldon, gained an overwhelming victory in the international equestrian competition which was held at Basle, Switzerland, from October 21-24. With four selected riders and one individual competitor, they filled the first three places, the sixth and the seventh, thus winning the European Championship for the second year running, as well as the individual championship. Fourth was the Swiss rider, M. A. Bühler, on *Uranus*; fifth Dr. W. Busing, of Germany, on *Trux*, and sixth and seventh the two British ladies, Miss M. Hough, on *Bambi*, and Miss D. Mason, on *Tramella*. Of an original field of twenty-nine, fifteen finished. The event consisted of a dressage test, a cross-country test of speed and endurance, and show jumping; and ended with a veterinary examination.



DIED ON OCTOBER 18: AIR CHIEF-MARSHAL SIR C. MEDHURST.

Air Chief-Marshal Sir Charles Medhurst, Head of the Air Force Staff, British Joint Services Mission in Washington, from 1948 to 1950, was fifty-seven. He was Assistant Chief of Air Staff (Intelligence and later, Policy), 1941-42; Commandant, R.A.F. Staff College, 1943-44; and Air Com-C, R.A.F. Mediterranean and Middle East Command, 1945-46.



VLADIMIR KUTZ, 5000 METRES WORLD CHAMPION (CENTRE, RIGHT), AND NINA OTKALENKO, 800 METRES LADIES' WORLD CHAMPION, SAYING GOOD-BYE BEFORE LEAVING FOR MOSCOW.

Good wishes were exchanged at London Airport on October 20 between Russian and British athletes before the former, who had represented the U.S.S.R. at the White City Games, left for Moscow. Above, Mr. Jack Crump, representing the A.A.A., is seen shaking hands with Vladimir Kutz, who, at Prague on October 23, regained the 5000 metres world record which he lost to C. Chataway.



APPOINTED A LORD JUSTICE OF APPEAL: MR. JUSTICE PARKER.

Raised to the Bench as a Judge of the King's Bench Division in 1950, Mr. Justice Parker has been appointed a Lord Justice of Appeal in succession to Lord Somervell. Educated at Rugby and Trinity College, Cambridge, he was called to the Bar, Lincoln's Inn, in 1924 and served as Junior Counsel in Common Law to the Admiralty.



WELCOMED AT LONDON AIRPORT: MR. SHIGERU YOSHIDA, THE JAPANESE PRIME MINISTER (LEFT), SHAKING HANDS WITH LORD READING.

Mr. Yoshida, who arrived in London on October 21 for a week's official visit as part of the goodwill tour which he has been making of Canada, France, Western Germany and Italy, was greeted at London Airport by Lord Reading, Minister of State at the Foreign Office.



DIED ON OCTOBER 24: MR. WALTER STEVENS.

The Communist General Secretary of the Electrical Trades Union since 1948, Mr. Stevens died as a result of injuries received in a car accident. He was fifty. "Wally" Stevens, as he was known in the trade union movement, had been a member of the E.T.U. for over twenty years, becoming London area Secretary, 1940; and Assistant General Secretary, 1942.



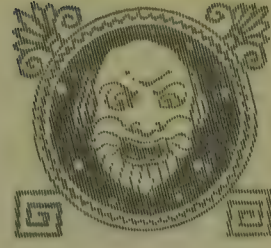
DIED ON OCTOBER 18: MR. FRANK WATERS.

Mr. Waters, managing director of the *News Chronicle*, *Star* and *Daily News Ltd.*, since 1950, was forty-five. After joining the *Daily Express* in 1929 he was general manager of the *Scottish Daily Express* and the *Evening Citizen* in Glasgow, 1934-42; and assistant manager of *The Times*, 1945-50. He played rugby for Scotland and was capped seven times.



LEAVING LONDON FOR PARIS: QUEEN INGRID OF DENMARK (LEFT) AND HER FOURTEEN-YEAR-OLD DAUGHTER, PRINCESS MARGRETHE.

Queen Ingrid of Denmark, with her fourteen-year-old daughter, Princess Margrethe, left for Paris on October 22 after having spent a few days in Britain in order to make arrangements for the Princess to attend a school here next year. Princess Margrethe is heir-presumptive to the Danish throne.



THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE NEIGHBOUR'S WIFE?

By ALAN DENT.

JEFF is a Press-photographer who has broken a leg and has been sitting at the window of his New York apartment for seven weeks. He has little to do except gaze at the plaster-cast that sheathes the entire limb, and resist a longing to scratch the toes at the end of it. Jeff might have used the occasion to read the whole of Gibbon or Boswell or Proust. But Jeff, it would appear, does not read. He only speculates.

He has developed a morbid interest in the people who live in the apartments all around him. It is hot weather: most of the windows are thrown open and most of the curtains are undrawn. They are a cluster of neighbours who are extraordinary—or does one mean ordinary?—enough to stimulate anyone's curiosity. There is a pretty ballet-girl whom Jeff has christened Miss Torso, and who dances while she makes her bed and even while she eats. There is a pair of honeymooners whose blind is almost perpetually drawn. There is a ludicrous older couple who sleep out on the fire-escape, and who lower their little pet-dog in a basket for exercise.

There is a sculptress, quite happy in her freakish art of moulding clay round symbolical holes; and there is a musician who pounds new ditties out of his piano and writes them down on the rare occasions when they seem to him worth writing down; and there is a solitary woman—Miss Lonely Heart is Jeff's name for her—who hovers on the verge of suicide and whose life is too private (as he comes to realise) even for his speculation.

There is, finally, a somewhat sinister white-haired Scandinavian salesman, whose invalid wife nags at him so much that she suddenly disappears. Where has she gone? Why does this Mr. Thorwald go out three times over in the course of one wet night carrying a loaded suit-case? Why does he kill the little dog belonging to the couple upstairs because it has been nosing around his flower-bed? Why does he develop a habit of sitting in the dark, with nothing visible but the glow of his cheap cigar, watching Jeff watching him?

Is this a murderer, or is the notion of murder just Jeff's sick-bed fantasy? Anyhow, Jeff's roving eye—which is in this film, "Rear Window," the same thing as Alfred Hitchcock's marvellously mobile camera—has come to concentrate on the particular drama of Mr. Thorwald. He persuades other people to be interested in it almost against their will—first his masseuse (the admirable Thelma Ritter, with the witty, bitter tongue), then his fiancée (the lovely Grace Kelly), then a friend called Doyle, who is a detective (the elegant Wendell Corey).

Their reaction to Jeff's obsession is caught in terse and telling dialogue. The women take to the mystery because they love a gruesome mystery, even though they only half-believe in it. Doyle, on the other hand,

is openly sceptical, since he knows all about crime. Murderers do not—he says—perpetrate their deeds, or at least do the necessary tidying up afterwards, with their curtains undrawn. But that—Jeff retorts—is part of this cunning criminal's cleverness. The immense fun and excitement of this film has its chief

OUR CRITIC'S CHOICE.



MR. JAMES STEWART AS L. B. (JEFF) JEFFERIES IN "REAR WINDOW."

This week Mr. Dent has chosen James Stewart as the actor who, in his opinion, has given an outstanding performance in a current release. He writes: "In Alfred Hitchcock's 'Rear Window,' a tense and inordinately exciting film now showing at the Plaza, James Stewart gives the peak performance of a career which might be described as gloriously modest. He is here a Press photographer, temporarily incapacitated with a broken leg, who loves the excitements of a wandering life and suddenly finds a heaving hot-bed of mysterious excitement in an apartment opposite his own window. Mr. Stewart's love-making (with the delectably pretty Miss Grace Kelly) is made—by sheer refreshing good acting—almost as entertaining as his gradual elucidation of a mystery which may, or may not, have a grim murder at the heart of it."

source in the fact that we do not know, and cannot guess until quite near the end, whether Jeff's suspicions have a foundation or have none at all. The conclusion is pure Hitchcock and pure ecstasy. It provides one of those rare occasions when the whole audience seethes and simmers and makes an indescribable susurrus of noise, half-way between a mass shiver and a mass giggle: Lewis Carroll would call this sound a "shiggle."

Another new film, "The Egyptian," can only be called a huge and expensive mess. It begins promisingly with some beautiful shots of Egyptian ruins as they can be seen to-day. But this opening lasts a matter of seconds. It is succeeded by a built-up vista of Egypt as Hollywood imagines it looked 3300 years ago, and from this second minute of the film right through to the last of its 140 minutes, the disillusionment is staggering and complete. The Egyptian of the title (a handsome young newcomer called Edmund Purdom) is a wandering doctor whose chief philosophic question is—Why? And we found ourselves repeatedly re-echoing his question as we followed his adventures in search of the riddle of the Egyptian sands.

It is the kind of super-drama which is best criticised in the imperative, like the old-style advertisements of Adelphi melodrama. See Michael Wilding as Pharaoh having an epileptic fit while sun-worshipping in the desert. See Jean Simmons as a lovely serving-girl wandering around with an Egyptian water-jug which she never either fills or empties, and which she finally decides to balance precariously on her left hip. See Gene Tierney as a handsome Egyptian princess, impassive and inscrutable as the Sphinx itself. See Victor Mature chasing a lion which is chasing Pharaoh, and dispatching it with a bow and arrow at the very first attempt. See the Egyptian doctor, in the end, poisoning Pharaoh, who dies speaking words of wisdom and of love. Truly it may be said of the makers of this vast and multi-coloured film that, like the Children of Israel in the Book of Exodus, "they baked unleavened cakes of the dough which they brought forth out of Egypt."

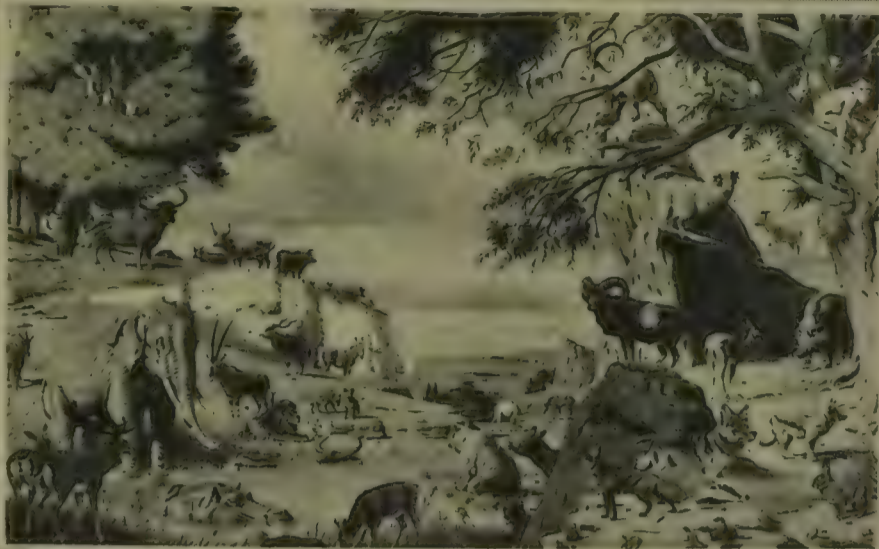
It is a relief to turn aside from this torrid welter of misguided and misdirected talent and ineffectual energy to commend "Rear Window" yet again. The process is all the more necessary, as well as pleasant; since I find I have omitted to mention the most pleasurable thing in the whole film. This is the acting of James Stewart. As Jeff, the laid-up photographer, Mr. Stewart gives a virtuoso performance of the highest order. As he gazes at each busy apartment around him, you see speculation, ironic amusement, sympathy, perplexity, curiosity, and, finally, fear invading his expressive face in turn. These emotions are reflected in his eyes, too, and play around his mouth, and affect even the jut of his head and his chin. To see this brilliantly alive performance—as well as to see Hitchcock's masterly film which contains it—I have sat agog through "Rear Window" twice over within a single week. May I suggest that this is somewhat of a recommendation from one whose favourite words in far too many films are the simple and ever-welcome little words, "The End"?



"IS THIS A MURDERER, OR IS THE NOTION OF MURDER JUST JEFF'S SICK-BED FANTASY?" LARS THORWALD (RAYMOND BURR) IS SEEN BY JEFF WRAPPING A SAW AND A BUTCHER'S KNIFE IN A PIECE OF NEWSPAPER IN A SCENE FROM "REAR WINDOW" (PARAMOUNT). MR. DENT SAT AGOG THROUGH THIS FILM TWICE OVER WITHIN A WEEK.

EXAMINING ONE OF JEFF'S INCRIMINATING PHOTOGRAPHS: A TENSE SCENE FROM "REAR WINDOW," SHOWING (L. TO R.) JEFF'S MASSEUSE, STELLA (THELMA RITTER); JEFF'S FIANCEE, LISA (GRACE KELLY), AND JEFF (JAMES STEWART). (THE LONDON PREMIERE WAS ON OCTOBER 8, AT THE PLAZA, REGENT STREET.)

ANNOUNCING OUR 1954 CHRISTMAS NUMBER—ON SALE NOVEMBER 18.



ONE OF A SERIES OF THREE COLOUR-PLATES OF ANIMALS MENTIONED IN SCRIPTURE STORY AND PARABLE: "THE NATURAL HISTORY OF THE BIBLE"; PAINTED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, NEAVE PARKER.



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FULL COLOUR-PLATES

"The Art Critics"; by Jules Adolphe Goupil (1839-1883), a popular French painter of portraits and genre.

"The Madonna and Child with Angels"; by Joos Van Cleve (c.1485-1540), which was exhibited at the Royal Academy Exhibition of Flemish Art, 1300-1700, last year.

Nine of Loudon Sainthill's designs for Rimsky-Korsakov's opera *Le Coq d'Or*, based on Pushkin's delightful fairy-tale of that name.

Four fifteenth-century French miniatures which come from an illuminated Manuscript known as "The Tarleton Hours," from the same atelier as the British Museum MS. Cotton Vespasian A XIX. They include the patron saint of children whose name has been corrupted into "Santa Klaus."

Two pages illustrating the St. Ursula Legend, the story of a martyred British Princess, by an unknown fifteenth-century Flemish painter. With her 11,000 maidens St. Ursula is said to have been murdered by the Huns at Cologne.

"The Proverbs"; by David Teniers II. (1610-1690), the most famous of the three Flemish artists of that name.

Six scenes of backstage activities of the Christmas pantomime by William Stewart.

Four of Edmund Dulac's illustrations to the *Arabian Nights*.

Three paintings by Our Special Artist, Neave Parker, depicting the animals mentioned in the Bible.



THE FAMILIAR RED-AND-GOLD COVER OF "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" CHRISTMAS NUMBER, INSET, THIS YEAR, WITH R. SAVERY'S (1576-1639) PAINTING "THE TWO FAVOURITES."

THE STORIES

FOUR stories, specially written for us by well-known authors, are in this year's Christmas Number—four stories to be read, perhaps, during that pleasant, lazy time at the end of Christmas Day when the embers in the grate are slowly dying away, the children have gone to bed, and all is quiet. Illustrated by Steven Spurrier, R.A., "Crime at Lark Cottage," by John Bingham, is a detective story concerning an unexpected visit of a stranded motorist to a lonely house on a cold winter's evening, when the snow is on the ground. Lord Dunsany's "A Channel Rescue," illustrated by S. Van Abbé, is an amusing, romantic tale about a bank-clerk and a French maiden in distress. "The Celebrity," by the American author Budd Schulberg, concerns a complacent, pot-boiling novelist and his relationship with a nervous, yet extremely efficient, young man who is his secretary. This is illustrated by D. L. Wynne. And finally, a charming tale, "Lady Georgiana," by Peter Towry, with illustrations by Gordon Nicoll, R.I. This is a ghost story about a young orphaned girl from America who comes to stay with relations in a large mansion in the countryside of Kent.

In addition, we publish two keys enabling readers to identify the proverbs in David Teniers' "puzzle picture"; and the animals depicted in Neave Parker's paintings illustrating the *Natural History of the Bible*.



THE COVENT GARDEN 1954 REVIVAL OF *LE COQ D'OR*, RIMSKY-KORSAKOV'S OPERA BASED ON PUSHKIN'S FAIRY-TALE; A VIVID COLOUR-PLATE FROM THE ORIGINAL DRAWINGS OF LOUDON SAINTHILL, WHO DESIGNED THE DÉCOR FOR THE REVIVAL.



BEARING STRANGE TOKENS, SERPENTS AND SPHINKES: GIANT AND ANIMAL ATTENDANTS IN FANTASTIC ATTIRE AND MASKS—ANOTHER REPRODUCTION IN FULL COLOUR OF ONE OF LOUDON SAINTHILL'S DESIGNS FOR *LE COQ D'OR*.

THE 1954 Christmas Number of *The Illustrated London News* is published on November 18 and may then be obtained from any good-class newsagent or book-stall, for 3s. 6d., or for 3s. 10d., including postage, direct from The Publisher. The early date of publication is due to the very large, world-wide circulation of *The Illustrated London News* and the necessity, therefore, of ensuring that all countries may obtain copies by Christmas Day at the latest. For a hundred years or more, in war or in peace, our Christmas Number (in earlier years the Christmas Supplement) has been a loved and traditional feature of the English Christmas and an ever-welcome

Christmas present, especially for those living overseas, whether in foreign lands or in remote parts of the Commonwealth and Colonies. For those in search of a more substantial Christmas present to send to friends or kinsmen, nothing is better than a year's subscription to *The Illustrated London News*, which includes the Christmas Number. Orders, with the name and address of the recipient, should be sent to The Subscription Department, "The Illustrated London News," Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2, the price being: Canada, £5 14s.; elsewhere abroad, £5 18s. 6d.; United Kingdom and Eire, £5 16s. 6d.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

IT is no use disputing about allergies, though between fellow-sufferers they are a great bond and a lively theme. But we all have our quota, I suppose; and one of mine is the Welsh-Welsh novel. That is to say, anything true-blue, bardic and inspired, such as "The English lot" wouldn't naturally take against. And in this sphere, nothing could go beyond "The Welsh Sonata," by James Hanley (Verschoyle; 10s. 6d.). Even the title is declarative; much of the tale is in free verse—rather like the Bible "designed to be read as literature"; and, to sum up, the hero is known locally as Rhys the Wound and the Cloud. In theory, that should be that—if one could ever go by theory. . . .

But to get down to brass tacks, such as they are: Rhys is a drunken super-tramp, the Wound a blow to his affections, and the Cloud, his hair—which has remained uncut, since he was struck down in the barber's shop. That was long years ago; and ever since he has been drifting through and around Cilgyn, an accepted stranger.

None asked where lay his mother's bones, or his father's, or was curious about any of his blood.

Remember a time when he was watched by men in fields, since this Rhys would flit about like a shadow, come and go again, like the Hawk moth. . . .

Men said that his spirit drove him, and that he moved about on legs as lively and bouncing as a springing hound. . . .

This, and a great part of the narrative, is from the report of Goronwy Jones, police-constable and "retired bard," written in his own time. For suddenly "that Rhys" has vanished. And all Cilgyn turns out to look for him: all but Goronwy, who, as becomes a poet, is fired to track him to the source and learn what made him tick. An old, unbeatable suspense-formula—but with the difference, here, that there was nothing to find out. The bones of Rhys's parents are no secret. Everyone knows the facts, about his childhood in the Stone House, Cynant way, and how he first took to the road, and how his girl ran off with Sailor Parry—and how "that sailor" drowned in a far sea, and Rhys's girl went on the streets. . . . Even Goronwy knew, though he is not a local, but from "a place called Bagillt." And his impassioned ferreting, his rides to the "bright town," his colloquies with old Sir Flook, the retired dominie, and with "that sailor's" mother, do not enlarge the data by a crumb. All he derives from them is a bad name—and the material for ten poems with the harp, which shall be sent to next year's National. He gets the "Saturday town" itself—with forty-eight pubs on the surface, and, far beneath, the world of Sailor Parry's origin; and Sir Flook's goblin age, in a house like "darkness chained to the ground"; and a live memory of that old wooing. . . . And we get Cilgyn, too—so Welsh, yet so unfeeling to the bard, "that Bagillt man." It is all slowly, curiously spell-binding. Not that my former allergy gave way, or that I never jibbed at the particulars; but it winds into the imagination.

OTHER FICTION.

"Carmela," by Rowland Winn (Cassell; 12s. 6d.), is a novel about Spain. The plot is ultra-simple, totally naïve—but as romantic as they come. Alex has fled to Spain from a disastrous love. He is intent on Seville and the Feria; but, on the way, he seeks the solace of a gipsy party in Granada—his "first flamenco in thirteen years." Being at the end somewhat light-headed, he buys Carmela from her uncle at a modest price. However, he is strictly honourable; Carmela is only fourteen; and in the street he sadly tells her to go home again. Instead, she pops up as his *grupa*, at the great parade. This time he finds a way of keeping her, and all that remains is to smuggle her out of the country; not very difficult, since he is moving in a cloud of friends, one with a yacht. Though there are machinations, too; there is the wicked Honor Fox—and the degraded Eustace Folliwel, who thinks the Republicans were hard done by. To stress the error of this view, he is a sneak, a booby and a fellow-traveller, with "wet pink lips," and everything revolting about him. Also, he gets long lectures on the Civil War. And they are not the only ones. Every "good" character is a glutton for information; so they are always lecturing each other—on bulls and bull-fighting and bull-fighters, flamenco and flamenco singers, or whatever else the author happens to know about. Still, it is vigorously done; and the more active passages are full of zest.

"The Troubled Midnight," by Rodney Garland (W. H. Allen; 12s. 6d.), features the "disappearing diplomat"—in fact, a couple of them. And the third man, who gets involved. He is a writer named Edmonton, and is being screened for a "plum job" in propaganda. By chance, the dossier falls into his hands; and with dismay, he finds himself made out to be a Communist and homosexual. "Friend of E. Fontanet" has been tacked on, and has at least some truth in it. At Oxford they were friends; Fontanet was the swell and took him up—only to drop him presently for Alan Lockheed, the son of a Cabinet Minister. And Fontanet is homosexual; but he is also in the F.O., and may be able to help. Edmonton tries this out; as a result of which, he is soon helping Fontanet to flee the country, with the sincerer Lockheed in his wake. Although he still doesn't know why. . . .

This has the form, but not the spirit, of an action-story; it is devitalised and brooding. One can believe in the two diplomats; but the narrator is such a poor fish, and so insufferably conscious of it, that he spoils the book.

"Conjuror's Coffin," by Guy Cullingford (Hammond; 9s. 6d.), takes place in Soho in the Coronation summer. The wholesome, countrified Miss Mink has got a job as receptionist at the misnamed Bellevue—run by Madame Lefevre, a Belgian ex-refugee. It is frequented mostly by "professionals" of the less thriving sort, among them Gene the Genie. Gene, though a dyspeptic, dismal little man, has great charm for the girls, and a really brilliant "dematerialising" act. Then it begins to spill over. The first victim is Lulu, Madame's disgusting little Pom. . . . The Bellevue would be fetching without crime; and the whole book is funny, cosy and original.

K. JOHN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

CRUSADES AND CRUSADERS.

WHAT a romantic word is "Outremer," and how much it must have meant to mediæval Christians throughout Europe. It is true enough that the Frankish kingdom in Syria and Palestine was often reduced to a mere strip of sea-coast, and that the successive Crusaders only occasionally represented a real threat to the Moslem domination of the Holy Land. Nevertheless, its hold on the imagination of Christendom was one of the most powerful forces in the Middle Ages. Mr. Stephen Runciman, in Volume III. of his "History of the Crusades" (Cambridge University Press; 35s.), completes his great and fascinating work. This last volume deals with the kingdom of Acre and the later crusades to sustain it and to resist Moslem pressure against it. The great crusade in which the Emperor and the Kings both of England and of France took part is familiar to every

schoolboy and every reader of Scott. Mr. Runciman brings it vividly to life, while maintaining the high standard of his impeccable scholarship. The actors in that drama move and fight and intrigue once more at his bidding. There is the rugged Conrad of Montferrat; the weak and intriguing King Guy; the sly Philip of France and, above all, the superb soldier, if bad and stupid man, who was Richard Cœur de Lion. There was much that was sordid in the intrigues of the Crusaders among themselves or against the native Frankish knights. There is much tragedy in the missed "ifs" of history. But the duel of arms and wits between the Lionheart and Saladin the Saracen must remain one of the most glorious and fascinating of all the history of chivalry. Saladin comes out of it better than his Christian opponents. His courtesy, his chivalry and his compassionate treatment of his captives shine by comparison with the unworthy actions which too often stained the arms of the Crusaders. In a brutal age it is pleasing to find Saladin so moved by the courage of Richard at the moment of achieving his last victory over the Saracen, that when Richard's horse was killed under him he sent a groom through the thick of the conflict with two other horses to replace the fallen charger of his great enemy. However ignoble the means, however far short the Crusaders fell of the great ends they sought to attain, those ends were fine indeed. Not the least interesting chapter is that in which Mr. Runciman stresses the alliance between Genghis Khan and his Mongols with the Christians against the common Moslem enemy. He rightly points out that Ain Jalud was probably one of the most decisive battles in the world. If the Mamelukes had been defeated there by Kutbuqa, the Christian Mongol, the whole history of Christianity and Islam would have been different. Islam might well have been a persecuted rump of a religion, probably confined to Morocco. Asiatic Christianity, as opposed to Western Christianity or that of Byzantium, would have been immensely strengthened, with what result no man can tell. As it was, Ain Jalud not merely threw back the Mongols, it settled the fate of the Latin kingdom as well, and the later crusades could do nothing to avert it. Mr. Runciman adds to the straightforward history of the period some interesting chapters on the architecture, arts and commerce of Outremer. His book will obviously be the standard work on the Crusades, but, unlike some text-books, it makes delightful reading.

When Mr. Philip Woodruff produced the first volume of "The Men Who Ruled India: The Founders," I was profoundly impressed by this brilliant and sympathetic account of how the Great Indian Empire was brought into being. In that volume he carried the story to the Mutiny. Now, in a second volume, "The Men Who Ruled India: The Guardians" (Cape; 25s.), he tells the story of the last ninety years before we surrendered our trust. This is the story not of Viceroy and Commander-in-Chief or Members of Council, but of the 1200 members of the I.C.S. who at any one time administered the sub-continent for India's good during that brief but brilliant span. He regards the District Officers, whose story this is, as a dedicated caste—a selfless aristocracy such as Plato envisaged in his ideal Guardians. Their achievement, looking back on it, is almost incredible. This tiny handful of men scattered over the vast surface of India gave her a stability and a tradition of good administration of which relics happily still exist in the independent India and Pakistan of to-day. It is a fine story, finely told, and one of which any Briton should be proud.

One of the most interesting characters in modern French history is Charles de Foucauld, the hero of "The Warrior Saint," by R. V. R. Bodley (Hale; 15s.). Charles de Foucauld began his career as a dashing young viscount in the cavalry, from which, however, his profligacy and the wildness of his pranks caused him to be removed. In Africa he found his first *métier*, that of an explorer. The journeys he made, disguised as a Jewish rabbi, to the interior of Morocco are as legendary in North Africa as are the exploits of T. E. Lawrence in Arabia. He did the French Government an immense service in this way. Later, however, the former *roué* received the call to religion. The dashing ex-cavalry officer became a Trappist monk. Africa and military affairs had not, however, finished with Charles de Foucauld. He became a hermit in the

depths of the Sahara, but he never forgot that he was a Frenchman and a soldier. He was none the less saintly for being a first-class agent. Only the French colonial authorities know how valuable Charles de Foucauld was to them in his lonely outpost in the desert. Mr. Bodley tells the story of this gallant and attractive character in a pleasingly simple and straightforward manner.

Charles de Foucauld would have approved of the constancy of General Dean, whose story of his three years' captivity in North Korea now appears as "General Dean's Story" (Weidenfeld and Nicolson; 18s.). General Dean, it will be remembered, was in command of the first American Division which went to the aid of the South Koreans. That was in the early days, when the story was one of heavy defeats and depressing retreats. In one of these retreats General Dean got cut off and after spending some weeks wandering about behind the Communist lines, was betrayed to the North Koreans. As far as the civilised world knew, the General was dead. He tells the tale of his captivity, of the hardships and discomforts, the fantastic methods used to try and indoctrinate him, or to get him to broadcast for the Communists, simply and without rancour.

E. D. O'BRIEN.

CHESS NOTES.

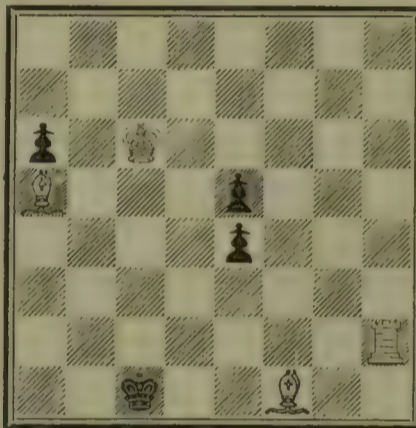
By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

YOU don't often see "Mate in four" under a problem. I don't think I've ever published a four-mover before. Most are too hard. Problemists find them too gamey for their taste; practical game-players find them too artificial.

This, an old one, though it caught my eye only last week, has delicate touches enough to satisfy any problemist; and if the practical player can bring himself to overlook that Black has a hopelessly resignable position anyway, and interest himself in the job of mating him within that maximum of four moves, I feel that he, too, can derive plenty of enjoyment from the task.

Here you are then. White to move. Cover the text below the diagram and find by what first move White can eventually force mate on his fourth against whatever defence Black may try.

Black



White

If I were to print the key-move right away in big bold type, you would probably have seen it accidentally before settling down to solve the problem. So, cunningly, I'm going to explain first of all why some moves *won't* do.

1. R-Q2 doesn't get far, in the face of 1. . . P-K6.

1. B-B3 threatens 2. B-B4, 3. B-Kt3 and 4. R-R1 mate, and looks more promising until Black's pawns start running; even his rook's pawn can reach R5 in time to nip 3. B-Kt3 in the bud. Rook moves up or down the file give Black's king too much freedom.

The key move is the incredible 1. B-Kt2! This, by masking the rook, gives Black's king the freedom of the rank; but first, lest we overlook it, note the play after 1. . . P-K6; 2. B-K4! Now Black has two alternative moves. Each is answered by an appropriate move which in itself carries no threat of mate, but does mate on move four because Black, in his turn, has to make a move in the meantime: 2. . . K-Q8; 3. R-QKt2, or 2. . . P-K7; 3. R×P. Play these out to the mates!

Going back to the key-move: this gives Black the choice of four king moves. A full analysis of all the variations would fill this column twice over. I give a few typical lines of play and suggest that you might spend an enjoyable ten minutes yet, working out the rest: 1. . . K-Kt7; 2. B×P dis ch, K-R6; 3. B-Q5 and 4. R-QR2. 1. . . K-B7; 2. B×P dbl ch, K-Q8; 3. B-QB3, etc. 1. . . K-Q8; 2. B×P, K-B8; 3. R-K2!

(The problem was by the famous Czech composer of free Czech days, KAREL TRAXLER.)



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V S O P

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Lovers of good brandy gladly pay a little more for a cognac which they know to be of superior quality. This is why they instinctively order Remy Martin V.S.O.P. They know it is made from grapes of unique quality found only in the *best* two areas of the Cognac district of France. They know too that Remy Martin produces *only* cognac of this superior quality.

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Renowned for pipes, lighters, cigarettes and tobaccos



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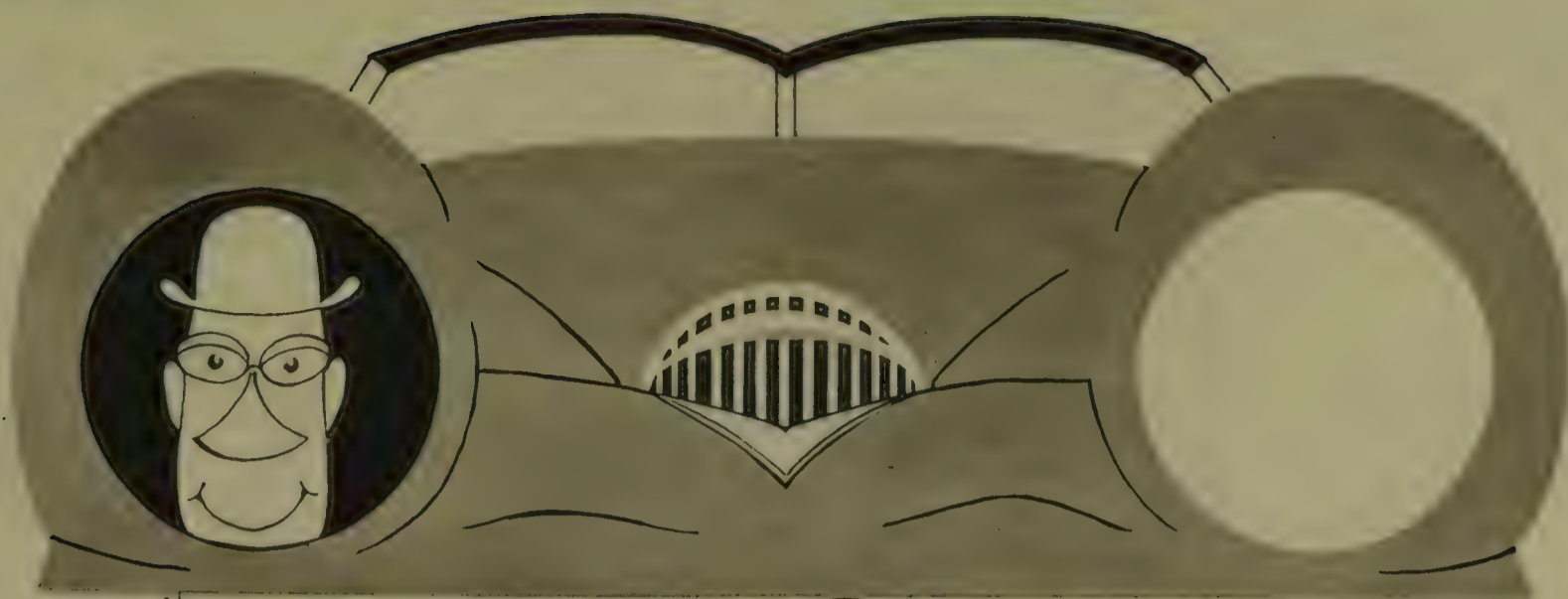
The Belling Medieval Fire is a product of traditional English craftsmanship combined with modern engineering skill. Whether your home is antique or contemporary in style, it will provide that indefinable atmosphere of cosiness which only an open fire can give—and without the waste of misdirected heat or the labour of dirty hearths.

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POLYESTER RESINS for all industry—soon

One of the most promising industrial developments of recent years is the arrival of *polyester resin* laminates as constructional materials.

Already widely used in the U.S.A., these plastic products are soon to be more readily available in this country, because of Monsanto's increased production of the essential raw materials. These include **MALEIC ANHYDRIDE** (made in this country only by Monsanto); **PHTHALIC ANHYDRIDE**; and **STYRENE MONOMER** (made by Forth Chemicals Ltd., an associate of Monsanto).

Polyester resins are bonded with reinforcing materials, such as glass-cloth, by low-pressure lamination and then become extremely tough, yet light, replacements for thin sheet metal and similar conventional materials. The big advantages they offer include:

- *High impact strength, ability to withstand vibration, etc.*
- *Light weight (U.S. sports-car body, 9 ft. x 6 ft., weighs 75 lbs.)*
- *Easy to fabricate with unskilled labour.*
- *Flexibility and ability to adapt to design, not vice versa.*
- *Easy to clean, easy to repair (new resin is simply "moulded in").*
- *No corrosion or deterioration.*
- *Chemical resistance.*
- *Can be drilled, milled, turned, etc., and metal inserts applied, as necessary.*
- *Less painting—dyes can be incorporated during process.*
- *No large capital investment in machinery.*

A vast range of products lends itself to polyester-resin laminate construction—car bodies, boat hulls (up to 90 ft.), refrigerators, prefabricated building, panelling, tanks, baths, washing machines, luggage and many others.

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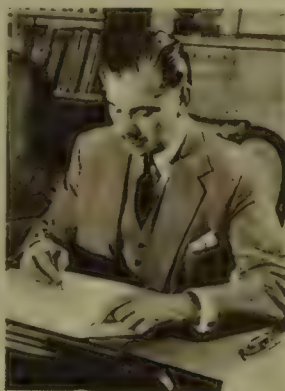
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No. 4 in a series of advertisements showing the work of contemporary artists

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20/- bottle · 10/6 half-bottle

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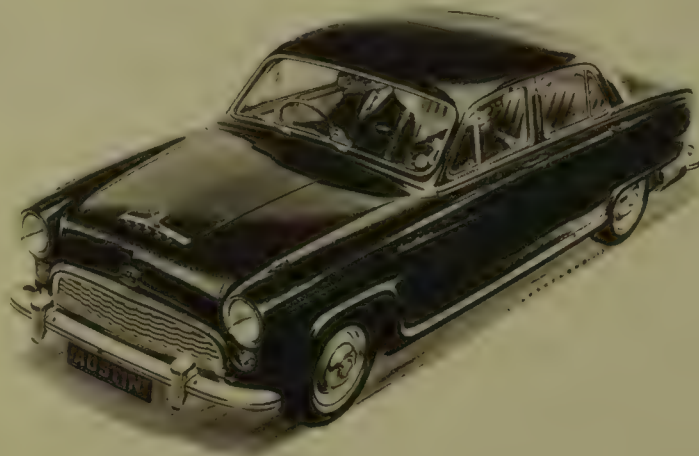
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And these are Gordon's too...

GORDON'S ORANGE GIN & LEMON GIN

Not to be confused with gin and orange squash, these Gordon favourites are made in the traditional way with Gordon's Dry Gin, real oranges and lemons, and pure cane sugar. Best taken neat as a liqueur, but also most refreshing with soda water or tonic water if preferred.

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is now available on hire for the comfort and benefit of treatment in your own home. The 'COLLISON' Inhaler is provided in hospitals throughout the United Kingdom.

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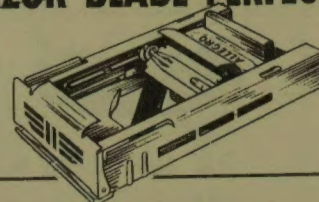
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● It's fun travelling all together in a party. I've never known a hotel room anywhere in the world to equal our stateroom—either for comfort or gay colour. Our steward and stewardess are sweet, too. They're really helpful and interested all the time. People say everything's just as nice in the "America" too!



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...THE WORLD'S FASTEST AND MOST MODERN LINER

● The first-class Observation Lounge is my favourite place in the ship. From the windows we watched the Isle of Wight fall away in the distance, while Uncle was talking business in the Smoking Room. Rather him than me!



● Well, of course, Michael and I love dancing. Who wouldn't with Meyer-Davis orchestras! We're making the most of this wonderful ballroom, with its red and gold furnishings and black floor. Uncle and Aunt prefer playing Canasta; but you can't drag me away from that saxophone!

● The Dining Room's beautiful, but how nice for a change to dine in the Restaurant. Sometimes we sample wonderful American dishes like Clam Chowder and Southern fried chicken. Usually, though, we stick to Continental cuisine—but done so superbly. You should have seen Michael attack a 2-inch-thick filet mignon last night, after a couple of hours in the gymnasium and swimming pool! Uncle was frankly surprised at the wine list—they've got everything, he says, and in perfect condition. Hope he won't go to sleep in the cinema!

On your way to the U.S.A. why don't you take a wonderful holiday—in the "United States" or the "America"? Fares and expenses on board are payable in sterling.



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